The Nation.

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The Week.

The explosive quarrel between the President and Congress must seem mysterious to the average, inattentive citizen. He cannot understand the heat on either side. That Congress had some provocation, he perceives, but excuse for the great excitement and vast indignation, it is not easy for him to find. The bewilderment of the general mind is not unlike that of an American who had just come home after four years in the Arctic regions. He would have left Mr. Roosevelt the hero and idol; he would find him the subject of attack and denunciation. Such an American would know that this strange reversal, this effect defective, comes by cause, and would demand an explanation which should be, as Montaigne says, not more difficult of belief than the thing to be explained. The true account of the controversy and the bitterness goes far back. It was not a single unguarded utterance of the President that created all this animosity against him. His rash language let it loose, but did not cause it. The feeling of hostility had long been gathering in Congress. If the President's message had been all, the affair could easily have been accommodated. So Mr. Roosevelt evidently thought. He expected his explanatory message to be accepted as satisfactory. But the accumulation of dislike and enmity was seeking a vent, and it took this one. It was as if Congress had been waiting for years for the Lord to deliver a Philistine into its hands, and would not let go the opportunity to rise and smite.

Was the attitude of Congress due to jealousy of his popularity? Was it envy of his fame? Was it even resentment at his dictatorial manners? These feelings may have entered into the dispute, but they are not the principal matter. The truth is a delicate thing to state, but no one who has any acquaintance with Congressmen, no one who knows Washington, can have any doubt what that truth is. It is, in a word, that a great many Congressmen do not trust President Roosevelt's sincerity. They think him hypocritical. He has lectured them and the country on truthfulness, yet large numbers of Congressmen believe Mr. Roosevelt himself to be habitually untruthful. He has posed as a champion of fair play, yet Congressmen are persuaded that he fights foul. His talk of the square deal, they scoff at as sheer pretence. They say that he protects favorites, such as Paul Morton and the Steel Corporation, while furiously prosecuting his enemies, or those whom he thinks he can make political capital by attacking. In short, leading members of both houses are convinced that all the superior moral exhortation which it has had from President Roosevelt, has come from a man who allows in himself the thing he condemns in others. We do not say that these Congressmen are right about it. We only state their attitude. On no other theory can we account for their persistence in recording their deliberate conviction that the President has been guilty of assertions "unfounded on fact." It was simply Congress doing collectively what its members have long been doing individually and privately—that is, passing an adverse moral judgment upon Mr. Roosevelt. This is what makes the business so serious for the President. A mere collision of authority, he could afford to dismiss with a smile. Even such a quarrel as would prevent him from getting the measures enacted that he desires, he might now snap his fingers at. His term is nearly over. But the rebuke of Congress strikes deeper. In what it explicitly says, there is an arraignment of Mr. Roosevelt from which he can escape by no diversion, and which he cannot forget or shake off by evoking the old huzzas to attest his undiminished popularity.

Senator Tillman's reply to the President's charges clears up some matters of fact. Granting all that was alleged against the Senator, his action was in violation of no law. It was an impropriety, not a crime. The land he was trying to buy was not government land. There was no question of "dummy entries," or of obtaining more than the law allows to one person. Moreover, in endeavoring to secure an act to compel the land-grant company to sell its holdings at $2.50 an acre, Senator Tillman distinctly notified the agents, at the time, that he was acting solely in the general interest, independent of his own decision, later, to buy or not to buy. In all this, there was doubtless a lack of caution and delicate regard for his public position, on Senator Tillman's part, but no dishonesty. The sole moral question remaining is whether he had sought to deceive the Senate when he asserted that he had not "undertaken" to buy any land in the West. In the ordinary sense of the word, he had; in the technical, legal sense, he had not. Senator Tillman now declares that he meant "undertaken" in the sense of "contracted." But, of course, it is pretty hard for a man who, like Tillman, has sneered at the technicalities of lawyers, and called himself a "cornfield lawyer," to ride off on a technicality himself. He admits that he was somewhat "disingenuous," but denies that he had any intention to deceive. The most favorable view of his case, therefore, is that he does not emerge without blame; though he certainly does not deserve to be pilloried as a criminal.

It is impossible to get excited over the President's recent message to the Senate about the purchase of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation. It raises no new issue, brings out no facts not known before, reveals no Presidential trait with which we were not already fully acquainted. Every one who has studied Mr. Roosevelt knows that he has never shown any grasp of general principles. He deals only with separate cases. Fully aware of this, Messrs. Gary and Frick, very naturally as well as shrewdly, went to the White House and asked whether the Steel Corporation would be prosecuted as the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust had been. From his *lit de justice*, the President told them that it would not be, which was all they wanted to know. But men will still inquire why, if the proposed undertaking were legal, a permission, or license, from the President was needed. The public, meanwhile, is left in doubt at which to wonder most: the disinterestedness of Gary and Frick in buying stock which "as a mere business transaction" they did not

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care to purchase; or the beautiful and child-like innocence of the President in accepting such a view of the matter.

The Senate won 3,500 friends at one roll-call, when it voted that clerks for the next census be chosen by non-competitive examination. Congressional hangers-on to that number are rejoicing because patronage will secure for them the places, however miserable the showing they make before the examiners. As Senator Lodge pointed out, the candidate without "influence" passing with a grade of 100 per cent. will be worsted by the blockhead enjoying a political pull. But has the Senate reckoned with the friends it has lost by this same act? It has placed itself on record as opposed to a wholly reasonable reform of the civil service, a reform in which every intelligent citizen outside of professional politics firmly believes. And we hope that the stir of larger happenings in Washington will not distract public attention from this fact. The next census will be more complex than the last, and those who compile it must be well-trained men. There is no sure way of getting the right persons except through the classified service, and President Roosevelt has been entirely right in insisting that they be so picked. He should veto the bill if Congress passes it.

The meeting of the Presidential electoral colleges in the several States last Monday passed off without incident, and no dispute is to be expected when Congress comes next month to "count the votes." Yet the law relating to the matter is in a most unsatisfactory condition, as J. Hampden Dougherty pointed out in his recent article in the *Forum*. To what perils the country was exposed by the uncertainties of the old statute, the nation discovered with a shudder in 1876. But even the new act of 1887, passed after years of debate, contains too many ambiguities and silences. In an election of which the result was close and contested, the opportunities for framing objections to electoral certificates, before one or other of the houses of Congress, would be, as the late Senator Morgan asserted, "as numerous as it is possible for the ambition, the cupidity, the fraud, and the skill of wicked men to invent." The Constitution omits to provide for the Presidential succession, in case the President-elect should die before inauguration. Such a contingency has never presented itself, and never may, yet the awkwardness and danger would be so great, if it did, that a member of the House has introduced a constitutional amendment, to cure the defect.

Our differences with Colombia, growing out of our seizure of Panama, have at last been settled by a treaty. A money payment of $2,500,000 is to be made, nominally by Panama, really by the United States. Colombia's financial necessities have, at last, induced her to abate her first demand for $10,000,000, and to jump at the chance of getting $500,000 down, with the rest to follow in annual payments of $250,000. The fact that the settlement is peaceful cannot conceal from the future historian the truth that it closes a five years' treatment of a weak nation by "the strong man armed," which the said strong man would never have dreamed of applying to a first-class Power. Nor does the transaction cause Panama to be any the less of a nemesis than before. Nature is more relentless than Colombia. That country we can buy off, but there seems to be no end to the money which we shall be called upon to pour into the canal. The original appropriation is now nearly exhausted, yet the most ardent optimists do not predict the finishing of the work before 1915. And, speak as cheerfully as the officials may about Mr. Taft's trip to the Isthmus, accompanied by a body of engineers, the world knows that it is a confession of deep concern over the canal plans.

Boston's new city charter, over which a commission has long been at work, is awaiting the action of the Legislature. It is a radical revision, largely in the direction of centralization of power, with simplification of machinery. The Mayor, to whom a four-year term is to be given, will have full authority over all heads of departments. The present Common Council is to be replaced by a board of aldermen consisting of nine members, shorn of nearly all legislative powers, except that of passing upon, not originating, city appropriations. This scheme is in line with the best modern ideas concerning municipal government. The new charter has several original features. One of them is a provision for the appointment of an advisory board of five public-spirited citizens, whose duty it shall be to aid the Mayor by advice and suggestions. Again, though the term of the Mayor is four years, in the second year of service the voters shall have submitted to them, at the November election, the question: "Shall there be an election for Mayor at the next municipal election?" In case this is answered in the affirmative, the existing Mayor's name shall be put upon the ballot without renomination. This is a novel way of adopting one principle of the "recall," while avoiding some of its obvious inconvenience. All nominations for elective city offices are to be "direct." Any man can stand for the Mayoralty who files nomination papers signed by 5,000 qualified voters.

If there were any hope that Col. Zavarnitsky would have to serve out his four years of penal servitude, the verdict just brought against this chief of the secret police at Vladivostok would brighten the outlook in Russia. But he will probably go the way of all other high bureaucrats who have been careless enough to leave traces of their misdeeds; there will be a few months in a comfortable guard-house, and then a pardon. Col. Zavarnitsky was convicted of having repeatedly placed bombs and illegal literature in the apartments of suspected persons, in order to secure their conviction. The proofs were so clear that not even a bureaucratic judge could be blind to them. The hideous offence is known to be common throughout the empire, and the trapping of police spies peculiarly difficult. One might suppose, then, that, after having established a clear case against a high official, the courts would be more than ordinarily cautious about convicting alleged political offenders; and not for justice's sake alone, but also that further discontent might not be stirred up by the punishment of innocent men. And yet, on the very day that Col. Zavarnitsky was sentenced, it was announced that twenty-two persons had at the same time been condemned to death for "crimes" committed in 1906. And this roll of victims was only a fair day's average. Nothing can discredit the police spy.

Among the first legislative projects to be taken up by the Turkish Parliament will be a series of bills dealing with the

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reorganization of the army. The leaders of the Young Turks evidently believe that the liberal régime, established by a bloodless revolution, must be based on something more substantial than luck and the good will of the foreign world. The most important of the proposed reforms deal with the extension of obligatory military service to the non-Mohammedan population, and the establishment of a national militia. The first change is both inevitable and momentous. Under a Constitution that recognizes no differences of race and religion, the army, like the Parliament itself, must represent all the elements of the Ottoman nationality, Christian and Jew as well as Mohammedan. That means the abandonment of the historic policy of Turkish conquest and government, under which the conquered population might accept the Moslem faith and whatever political rights existed under the Sultans, or might remain Christian, pay tribute, and remain, in respect to their rulers, a conquered class, to whom it would evidently be folly to grant the right to bear arms. The future, therefore, may see Christian levies fighting under the standard of the Prophet against fellow-Christians under a hostile flag. Such a situation is hard to conceive, yet Turkey's problems can be solved in no other way than by creating a feeling of patriotism stronger than the centrifugal tendencies of differences in race and religion. Whether Macedonians, Greeks, or Armenians can learn to look upon themselves as Ottoman subjects, the future must decide.

Whether the dismissal of Yuan Shih Kai means his permanent downfall is a point which the Western mind cannot decide without more evidence. Yellow mantles, peacock feathers, and purple buttons are freely given and taken away in China, and even so great a statesman as Li Hung Chang experienced the vicissitudes of Imperial favor. Should the Chinese court find itself in need of Yuan's services, it will call him back from disgrace just as Li Hung Chang was recalled to go to Japan and make the best terms he could for China, after the disastrous war of 1894-95. That the new Regent may have found Yuan Shih Kai too much of a brother near the throne is probable. The reasons that made him popular with the Western Powers may have made him an eyesore to the new régime at Peking. In all the Western talk about a new China, it has always come out that it was Yuan Shih Kai that was the new China—Yuan and his ascendency in the Grand Council, Yuan and his European-drilled army, Yuan and his European friends. It may very well be that the Regent at Peking wishes to demonstrate that it is to the Chinese government as a whole that Europe must look for the long-desired national regeneration.

This attitude on the part of the Manchu rulers of China was well summed up by that acute observer of Far Eastern affairs, B. L. Putnam Weale, in his "Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia," which appeared last year. In describing conditions at Peking in 1907, he says:

> The Manchu dynasty, although now honestly desirous of escaping from the undignified position of complete and undisguised international weakness which it still occupies, is equally anxious . . . that the reforms shall not come from below. . . . Thus there is a dual movement to be noticed in provincial China—a reform of the administration and a tightening of the Manchu hold.

In other words, reform being inevitable, the Manchu rulers would rather get the credit for it themselves than have it fall to any one outside. Mr. Weale touches on the very case of Yuan Shih Kai:

> The Manchu party began to realize that if the new conscript army which was being slowly raised all over the empire became accustomed to the idea that the Tien-Tsin viceroy [Yuan] was the life and soul of the whole movement, and its real leader, it would only require some Peking palace disaster, such as the death of the Empress Dowager or of the Emperor, to reduce the Palace and the Manchus to a position of tutelage.

In 1907, a new scheme of army organization placed the control of the greater part of Yuan's trained army in the hands of a Manchu war minister. So the more recent event seems to have been long preparing.

Feuds between Hindus and Mohammedans in Bengal have been increasingly frequent of late; and they are not unconnected with the anti-British revolutionary movement among the Bengal Hindus. The British press has caught the habit of contrasting the loyalty of the Mohammedan population of northern India with the seditious discontent of the Hindus. The British authorities have, to an appreciable extent, been playing off the leaders of the Mohammedan community against the "agitators" and "demagogues" so plentiful in Hindu ranks. It is not difficult to imagine that among the common people the impression should spread that the British government would back a Mohammedan mob against a Hindu mob; and religious passions, always ready to break out, may thereby be further stirred. It would be wrong, of course, to suppose that the British rulers in India have been adopting the Czar's method of suppressing revolution by setting different races and religions at each other's throats. Such a policy would not only be morally monstrous, but very short-sighted. For what happened in Russia might easily happen in India. The oppressed nationalities might profit by their internecine wars to turn their practised weapons against their rulers.

Fine old English customs in politics are going, one by one. The latest is the pleasing habit of breaking up a political meeting of the other side, by packing it with ruffians on your side, who by shrieking and violence will prevent the speakers from being heard. All these playful ways are now to be abolished. Among the last bills enacted by Parliament was one making it a misdemeanor to "act in a disorderly manner" at a "lawful public meeting." An offender of this sort may now be fined, "not exceeding five pounds"; while any one inciting another person to disorderly acts shall also be held guilty under the new law. Its passage was, of course, contested by some horrified members of Parliament. One of them said that it was a "very grave infringement of the right of public meeting." The real infringers, one would think, are those who prevent the organizers of a public meeting from conducting it in an orderly manner. Another opponent of the new measure declared that it "dealt a heavy blow at the expression of political opinion." It is hard to see why. All that you are really forbidden to do is to interfere with the expression of political opinion by other persons, when they set about making it in an orderly way. To Americans, all this seems elementary. To them, it must appear odd that a special Parliamentary enactment is required in England to do what here ordinary police regulations would cover.

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THE GOVERNOR'S NEW FIGHT.

When Gov. Hughes changed his mind about accepting a renomination last year, a friend reported him as giving one strong reason for seeking office again: "I should like to be able to do something to improve party government." In the Governor's message this topic overshadows all the rest. He has important information to give and recommendations to make on other subjects, but the reform of party methods is the battlepiece. This is the part of his message that both the Governor's friends and enemies will read with keenest interest; it is this into which he has put most thought and feeling; about these proposals of his, the chief legislative struggles of the session will take place. And as Gov. Hughes now has a spreading national prestige, his words in behalf of a radical reform in party management will go echoing over the country, so that leaders in other States will get impulse and courage from the Governor of New York.

Those passages which deal with the reform of the primaries and of the nominating system, are written in Gov. Hughes's best style. They reveal his uncommon powers of analysis and firm grasp of the fact; his faculty of lucid exposition, and his absolute frankness in stating the truth; while all is shot through with a clear integrity and moral fervor which make Mr. Hughes the most formidable reformer of the day. Unflinchingly uncovering political evils, he is perfectly fearless in applying the remedy. And his intellectual resources are as unfailing as his moral earnestness; and both are made instruments of his ambition to do some service to the State. It renews one's faith in the vitality of democratic institutions when a man equipped as is Gov. Hughes shows that he can find the way to the heart of the people, and acquire an authority which becomes a living power against low politics.

The truthfulness of the picture which Gov. Hughes draws of the present control of the party machine in this State, cannot be called in question. It is realistic, from the life. As he says, the professed theory of party representation is denied in practice. Delegates to conventions are generally mere pawns; they "might as well be inanimate." Party candidates are, in effect, appointed, not nominated, and they are appointed, the Governor laconically remarks, "by those who have not been invested with any such appointing power." As a rule, primaries are a farce; conventions a form gone through by wire-pulled puppets. Gov. Hughes is within bounds when he describes the existing management of parties as unrepresentative, destructive of belief in government by party, and absolutely hostile to high and unselfish leadership. And he accurately defines the growing demand for improved methods of nominating candidates for office as but a recent "phase of the long struggle against the control of the powers of government by selfish interests." If you doubt it, listen to the anguished outcries of Barnes, Ward, and the other local and microscopic bosses who see their control of the powers of government menaced by Gov. Hughes.

What the Governor aims at is the free expression of the wishes of the majority of a party, instead of manipulation and misrepresentation by skilled and unscrupulous managers. In theory, even the latter are compelled to admit that the Governor's contention is sound. The Republican Convention at Saratoga went on record as believing that "primaries and conventions should truly express the will of the voters," and as favoring "the freest action in the selection of delegates." But by this the party captains of fifties and captains of hundreds did not mean what the Governor does. He is for an absolutely open and thoroughly safeguarded primary, with power directly to nominate all candidates for office. Heretofore, the Governor has contented himself with urging that such primaries be merely permitted; now, as he clearly foreshadowed in his speech of acceptance that he would do, he recommends that the law make them "binding upon all parties." He thus puts himself at the head of the direct nominations movement in this State, and, we may say, the country.

So cool and level-headed a man as Gov. Hughes can never be imagined as offering a political panacea. He does not advocate direct-nominations as a cure-all. As he pointedly remarks, "political mischief will exist under any system." But it is our business to make the system the best possible, to put into the hands of the people weapons which they can most readily use in times of agitation. We shall never attain political salvation by machinery. All new devices, if left to the hands of the politicians, they will soon learn to work to their own advantage. Without an alert and intelligent electorate, no system will guarantee us against misrepresentation or corruption. But this does not alter the fact that some systems are better than others. The one which the Governor urges is the best yet devised to give the people immediate and full control over party management and nominations. If we had had such a system last year, there would not have been the long doubt and agonizing about the renomination of Gov. Hughes. The demand of the people would have come up like the sound of many waters. And it is only to make such expression of the popular will easier and more effective that the Governor presses upon the Legislature the need of party reform. None knows better than he the tremendous odds against him in this new fight; but he goes forth to it serenely, because convinced that right and truth are on his side, and that he is battling for the common weal.

THE DEMAND FOR MORE ARMY OFFICERS.

The House Military Affairs Committee took prompt steps last week towards disposing of the War Department's latest request for increase of the officers of the army. Ever since the war with Spain, the department has been steadily at work enlarging the army. Not content with getting sixteen new regiments in 1901, it has expanded the Engineers and Artillery, the Medical Corps, and the Ordnance; and last year a Porto Rico regiment and the Philippine Scouts were added to the regular army, so that the authorized strength to-day is more than four times as great as in 1898. This year 612 line officers were demanded to take the place of a similar number detached from their regiments for recruiting duty, study at army schools, teaching in private military schools, service with the Philippine Constabulary, the Panama Canal, the General Staff, etc.

Beyond doubt, this practice of stripping regiments of their officers is a bad one. A regiment needs all but six or seven, if its work is to be well done and the proper military spirit maintained. As a matter of record, Gen. C. L. Hodges reports from Iloilo that on June 30 the Fourth and Fourteenth Infantry had

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present for duty only 24 and 21 officers, respectively, out of the fifty on each regimental roll. Yet these regiments are, as it were, on the firing line; hostilities, Gen. Hodges reports, ceased only a year ago, and the country is not yet wholly pacified. Absenteeism means more work for fewer men, discontent, and, generally, inefficiency. As there are twelve companies to a regiment, it is obvious that in the Fourth and Fourteenth most companies have only one officer apiece, after allowance is made for colonels, battalion commanders, adjutants, quartermasters, and commissaries. Yet these regiments might be called upon to take the field at any time against warring tribesmen. Naturally, the War Department is alarmed.

But it does not take steps to remedy the evil by utilizing retired officers wherever possible, by cutting out needless details, by refusing to strip regiments in the Philippines. It selects a purely arbitrary figure, 612, and then asks Congress for authority to appoint that number of additional officers. According to Secretary Wright's figures, the number of officers on detached service was 517 in 1905, 627 in 1906, 682 in 1907, and 691 in 1908. With one stroke of his pen Mr. Wright could order nine more officers on detached service, and so make it a round 700. He offers no guarantee that five years from now his successor will not be begging for 200 more officers because of the growth of details. On the contrary, past experience shows that this is precisely what will happen. When Congress added sixteen regiments to the line in 1901, it largely increased the number of officers in each regiment, at the request of the War Department, for the express purpose of providing a surplus of officers for detached service. Every cavalry regiment obtained seven more officers, exclusive of chaplains; every infantry regiment eleven; and there was a corresponding increase in the artillery. These extra officers numbered in all about 526, but the absenteeism has, as is indicated by the figures quoted above, grown worse.

Nobody in the army believes that it is necessary to detail 103 active officers to recruiting duty. Most of them perform no services that cannot be performed by the medical officers and sergeants in charge of recruiting offices. Clearly, retired officers—the retired list has increased over 50 per cent. since the war with Spain, and numbers 983—could discharge every one of these duties. Again, the Panama Canal Commission, the Quartermaster's Department, department headquarters, the military prisons, the militia, and other miscellaneous duties absorb forty officers, all of whose places could be filled by men who have retired. But the worst waste is the detail of no less than sixty-five officers to military schools. In some of these institutions the military education is a farce, and the instructor is asked for merely that the school may secure a teacher free and boast that it is approved by the War Department. Most of those sixty-five officers could be saved to the line; so could half of the twenty-eight aides-de-camp. If some of the seventy-seven officers on duty at West Point were released, the school would profit thereby; for civilian professors would be more freely employed in the non-military departments that teach the languages, science, etc. Now that the twenty-seven officers heretofore on duty in Cuba are to return, the War Department could, if compelled, probably send 300 officers back to their regiments within two months. The House Military Affairs Committee is evidently of the same opinion, for it has obtained the passage of a resolution asking the Secretary of War how far he has carried out the law looking to the detail of retired officers to certain duties, and asking how many more places in the detached service could be filled by them.

We should not burden our readers with these details of army administration were not the matter so perfect an illustration of the spirit of wastefulness and the absence of all desire to economize, which characterize our government.

WATCHING OUR CUSTODIANS.

Reform organizations like our Bureau of Municipal Research or the projected Voters' League, are multiplying everywhere. Illinois has its Legislative League, Minnesota its Citizens' League. Such bodies might be cited by enemies of democracy as evidence of the breakdown of popular government. We send our representatives to watch over our interests at the City Hall or in Albany, and then we hire detectives to watch our representatives. A spasmodic reform movement which makes a clean sweep of misgovernment every now and then may be less effective for political purity than a board of trained watchers permanently encamped around a Legislature, but it is also less of a satire on democracy. Not a piece of machinery has ever been devised that does not clog at times and call for a general overhauling. Yet to be constantly on the look-out for defects argues that your machine is cheap and defective, and that you have lost all faith in it. So, if Russian despotism, to be workable, must be tempered with assassination, representative government, to be endurable, must be supplemented with some form of secret service. We came near to that ideal in the very height of the "uplift" wave a few years ago, when a band of patriotic newspaper men determined to constitute themselves a people's lobby at Washington to let the country know which Congressmen were thieves and which were not. Apparently, the country then was not quite ready to supplant representative government with an oligarchy drawn from the fourth estate.

The case might be made stronger still. Should we put forward the old defence that democracy, like everything else on earth, has its evils, but that the cure therefor lies in still more democracy, we are met with the retort that an organization of a handful of experts, far from being more democracy, is really an admission that right political conduct must be sought through the efforts of a chosen few. This fact brings us face to face with a dilemma. Either such expert surveillance is ineffective, and we have only one more failure to count up, or it is effective, and the real good accomplished by our elective institutions is the work of a non-elective few. Is it greater democracy that is bringing order into the chaos of our municipal administration, or is it certain public-spirited citizens backing up the work of the Bureau of Municipal Research? The Citizens Union, after fifteen years of effort as a political party, is about to reorganize on the basis of a bureau of political information and reform. Here again its work will necessarily fall into the hands of a few expert investigators and publicists.

That is the indictment. But in its severity lies its own refutation. Were democracy in truth so complete and cumbrous a failure, it would have been

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impossible for this country to live to be what it is. Our legislatures may be largely venal and our municipalities misgoverned, yet Americans have gone on securing their fair share of health, happiness, and comfort. The most that can be shown is that our imperfect democracy somewhat reduces our possible store of well-being. At least it can hardly be proved that under any other system we should have reached the present level. Our enormous natural riches have not favored democracy. The ideal of good government has had to make its way in the face of our exuberant prosperity. It is easy enough for German cities to be well-governed. There private income and wages are low enough to make the slightest reduction in the tax-rate worth fighting for. With us grafters have flourished because, unfortunately or fortunately, as we choose to look upon it, the merchant and the landowner have felt that the time spent in reducing city expenses by a dollar would, if devoted to one's private affairs, bring in five. If, therefore, the cry for purer government has arisen among us, it is not so much because democracy has been hurt in its pocket as in its moral sense. A nation that can afford bad government yet strives after the good, has not made a failure of ruling itself.

A Bureau of Municipal Research, and a Voters' League, for the purpose of exercising pressure on backsliding legislators, are the steps by which the voter is being led along the road of civic education. Towards that end our political vigilance committees are working. The need for them will never quite disappear. Sterilize as we may the progress of a candidate by direct primary nominations, by campaign criticism, by laws against corrupt electoral practices, and other laws against lobbying, the inherent weakness of human nature will still make it possible for a candidate nominated and elected by honest men to turn out a rascal after he takes the oath of office. To keep the memory of his rascality green is the proper work of special organizations like those we have mentioned. The democracy at large has too much to think about to remember details. But it is still to be shown that it refuses to act on the basis of fuller knowledge when that is supplied it.

POE IN FRANCE.

Poe appeals to the French even more than to Americans, because the essence of his work is *logic*—logic entirely divorced from reality, and seeming to rise superior to reality. The French of the Parnassian epoch especially, found in him a kindred spirit because of his devotion to art for art's sake. The lesser, or lower, Parnassians and the Decadents loved him for his perversity and his grotesque horrors. The Symbolists found in him their ideal, because his work so often seems to have much greater significance than it really possesses.

I.

Poe's name first became known in France through a lawsuit between two newspapers. One of them had received a story called "Les Crimes de la Rue Morgue," and had published it without knowing that it was not an original work. The second published a similar story, called "L'Orang-Outang," and, in the suit which followed, it was brought out that both stories were independent versions of an English tale by a certain Edgar Poe. This roused interest in him; a translation of several of his tales, by Madame Meunier, was published in 1846; and in 1853 appeared two tales, translated by Borghers.

The accepted literary tradition, that Baudelaire was the first to make Poe known in France, dates back to Gautier's "Rapport sur le progrès de la poésie française depuis 1830," published in 1867, in which he says, speaking of Baudelaire: "Sa familiarité de traducteur avec Edgar Poë, ce bizarre génie d'outre-mer, qu'il a le premier fait connaître en France, a beaucoup influé sur son esprit." In spite of the early translations just mentioned, Gautier is on the whole right. It is entirely due to Baudelaire that Poe has become practically a French author (his works being almost as familiar to all generations of Frenchmen since 1856 as those of any native writer), and that he has come to be counted among the exceedingly rare foreigners who are naturalized citizens of the French republic of letters. Baudelaire devoted the best part of his life to his translation of Poe. He consciously prepared himself for this particular work. From the time when he first became acquainted with some fragments of Poe's work, in 1846, he haunted the English cafés, spent his time by preference with any one who could speak English, from men of letters to coachmen and jockeys, besieged every American whom he could come at, for information about Poe, and, after four years of such preparation, began the translations to which he devoted the following fifteen years. He seems to have believed in a sort of mysterious connection between his own spirit and Poe's. "I could tell you," he wrote to Armand Fraisse, "of something still more strange and almost incredible. In 1846, or '47, I became acquainted with some fragments of Poe's; they moved me in singular fashion. I found among them, believe me or not, as you please, poems and stories which I had conceived myself, though in a vague and confused way, ill thought out; and which Poe had wrought into perfect works." Baudelaire's first translation, of a single story by Poe, was published in 1848. In 1855, a series of tales appeared in the newspaper *Le Pays*, and these were collected in 1856, in a volume, under the title "Histoires extraordinaires." The "Nouvelles Histoires extraordinaires" appeared in 1857, "Les Aventures d'Arthur Gordon Pym" in 1858, "Eureka" in 1864, and "Les Histoires grotesques et sérieuses" in 1865, only two years before Baudelaire's death. These translations have become so identified with Baudelaire that they are regularly republished with the editions of his original work, and they have also appeared in many separate editions.

Many other writers of distinction have attempted to render Poe into French. Besides the translations by Baudelaire, there are as many as twenty-three other versions, each including more or less of Poe's work; and among their authors are such men as the critic Hennequin, the poets Mallarmé and Rabbe, and the novelist J. H. Rosny. As compared with this devotion of the French to Poe, I know of only four different translations in Spanish, three in Italian, and one in modern Greek (mentioned by Lauvrière in his thesis on Poe). Among all these, Baudelaire's version has remained the standard. He has followed Poe with absolute literalness, line by line, and almost word by word (so far as his knowledge of English, which was here and there a little at fault, allowed him), and yet has made of his translation a living work. That it possesses all the qualities of an original is perhaps sufficiently proved by the influence it has exerted. As some one has said, it made Poe a figure in the world's literature.

II.

Not only as translator, but as critic, Baudelaire forced Poe upon the attention of his countrymen, willing or unwilling. The essay, "Edgar Poe, sa vie et ses ouvrages," later used as an introduction in the "Histoires extraordinaires," appeared first in the *Revue de Paris* early in 1852. In this introduction Baudelaire makes American materialism alone responsible for all the misfortunes of Poe. This "great gas-lighted barbarity" (that is, America) crushed, stifled, murdered him. The United States was simply a vast prison to him, in which he rushed back and forth with the feverish agitation of a being created to breathe more aromatic air. "All his inner and spiritual life,

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whether drunkard's or poet's, was one constant effort to escape from this antipathetic atmosphere," in which, according to Baudelaire, "the impious love of liberty has given birth to a new tyranny, the tyranny of the beasts, a zoöcracy. Poe, in the midst of "this seething mass of mediocrity and commonplace," cared only for the exceptional, and painted it with faultless and terrifying artistry:

> Like our Eugène Delacroix, who raised his art to the heights of great poetry, Edgar Poe loves to make his figures move on backgrounds of violet and greenish tints, lighted by the phosphorescence of decay and blown upon by the breath of storms. In his work, so-called inanimate nature partakes of the nature of living beings, and like them shudders with a supernatural and galvanic shudder. . . . Poe writes for our nerves.

Poe est l'écrivain des nerfs. The last phrase, be it noted, is meant for praise. One thing more is supremely praiseworthy in Poe, according to Baudelaire: Poe not only has no lesson to teach, but he has no purpose or aim in his art except that art itself.

Many of the later appreciations of Poe in France were modelled directly upon Baudelaire's, and no French writer has departed very much from the conception of Poe as thus first revealed to France. The recognized authorities of French criticism have not dealt with him at all. Saint-Beuve, whom Baudelaire repeatedly besought to devote one of his Monday articles to Poe, promised to do so; but the article was never written. Taine wrote to Baudelaire: "I greatly admire Poe; he is the type of the Germanic-Englishman with deep intuitions and an amazingly overwrought nervous system. . . . He reminds one of Heine." But Taine, like Sainte-Beuve, failed to write the "weighty article" in Poe's favor which Baudelaire had demanded of him. All the critics of a little lower order—especially, of course, the impressionists—have, however, found their account in Poe. Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote four essays on him, and in all of them treated him as "the most beautiful thing which that off-scouring of humanity [meaning, of course, America] has produced." Poe, stranded on this "desert waste," was "trampled to death by the elephantine feet of American materialism." Villiers de l'Isle-Adam took up the same refrain, and Péladan, in his introduction to Mourey's translation of the poems, once more attacked this land "without civilization, without art, without nationality, without a language," as the "murderer of the greatest genius of the nineteenth century."

More worthy treatment was accorded Poe's genius by Emile Hennequin, himself perhaps the greatest intellectual genius among recent critics, whose first literary work was a translation of some of Poe's tales, and whose last essay, written just before his premature death, was devoted to Poe. More than the others, he appreciates Poe's intellectuality, and he is less often than the others a dupe of Poe's pretended hallucinations, realizing that Poe was even greater as a fakir than as a conjurer, and that, compared with Baudelaire, Poe was (in the cruel but true phrase of Henry James), "much the greater charlatan of the two, as well as the greater genius." Other serious critics have treated Poe less analytically and more generously: Teodor de Wyzéwa, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and in his volume, "Écrivains étrangers," calls Poe's verse the most magnificent which the English language possesses, and his poems masterpieces of emotion and music. Jules Lemaître, in a curious passage of his "Dialogue des morts," which seems to have been taken with all seriousness by his countrymen, but in which one may suspect at least a touch of malice, makes Poe say:

> You are right [in classing me with Plato and Shakespeare]. . . . I was indeed a sick man and a mad man; I felt more than any one had felt it before me, the terror of the unknown, the dark, the mysterious, the inexplicable. I was the poet of hallucination and of the dizziness of the abyss; I was the poet of Fear. I developed in a cold and exact style the secret logic of madness, and expressed states of soul which the author of "Hamlet" himself barely guessed at twice or thrice. Perhaps it might be right to say that I am less different from Shakespeare than from Plato; but it is certain that we are three specimens of the human race as different as possible from each other.

Of the critics who belong to the Symbolistic school, Camille Mauclair and Charles Morice are the most important. They are naturally both of them devoted to Poe. Morice, in his "Littérature de tout à l'heure," the chief critical manifesto of the school, includes Poe with Chateaubriand, Goethe, Hugo, Balzac, Baudelaire, and Wagner, in the parallelogram of forces that have produced modern literature in France. For him the true greatness of Poe consists in this:

> He is the poet of Love in Fear, of Love in Madness, of Love in Death; . . . the poet who in his divine works first inaugurated the poetic conscience; . . . who painted the grotesque, not like Victor Hugo, to our eyes, but to our souls.

Such is the esteem felt for Poe by various schools in France.

IV.

Poe's direct influence upon creative writing in France was perhaps less than might be expected from the esteem in which he was held. It is, of course, difficult to measure, especially since it is mingled at first with that of Hoffmann, Heine, and De Quincey; and even of Anne Radcliffe and Maturin, whom Gautier mentions in the same breath with him; and later, with that of Wagner and the Pre-Raphaelites, who, with Poe, were the foreign masters of the Symbolists. To join the names of Poe and Wagner seems a little odd to us, but it is constantly done by critics and poets of the Symbolistic school in France. Both, at least, are artists in sound, and to the French mind both seemed vaguely to suggest meanings that might possibly be of infinite significance (which was the ambition of the Symbolists).

Baudelaire himself published his "Fleurs du mal" between the "Histoires extraordinaires" and the "Aventures d'Arthur Gordon Pym." I find in them very little of Poe's influence, and according to the latest verdict of scholarship (see Louis Betz's "Studien zur vergleichenden Litteratur-Geschichte") this is natural, since most of them were probably written by the middle of the decade of the forties, or at any rate before Baudelaire became completely absorbed in Poe. Many of the poems were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of 1855, before the first volume of the "Histoires extraordinaires." Only in one of his later poems have I found any direct borrowing from Poe, and that is probably unconscious. There is a rather close resemblance (suggested by Betz) between the ideas of Baudelaire's sonnet "Le Flambeau vivant," in which we find the lines:

> Ils marchent devant moi, ces yeux pleins de lumières. . . .
> Ils conduisent mes pas dans la route du Beau;
> *Ils sont mes serviteurs et je suis leur esclave.* . . .

and Poe's second "To Helen":

> Only thine eyes remain. . . .
> Lighting my lonely pathway. . . .
> They follow me—they lead me through the years,
> *They are my ministers—yet I their slave.*
> They fill my soul with Beauty. . . .

The complete contrast between Baudelaire's verse and that of Poe may be sufficiently indicated in Baudelaire's own words: "Il n'y a pas dans toute son œuvre un seul passage qui ait trait à la lubricité, ou même aux jouissances sensuelles."

Leconte de Lisle was too great a poet and too strong a personality to be influenced by Poe. But the lesser men of the Parnassian school found in him a brother, and the Decadents, partly on account of his association with Baudelaire, took him for their adopted father. Barbey d'Aurevilly called him rather oddly the Byron of Bohemia. Morice, more than oddly, found a close analogy between Poe and Pascal. Most of the Decadents, and some of the Symbolists, failed to see that Poe was not a victim of delusions, but a creator of illusions. Poe was one of the chief patron saints of the minor hangers-on of the Decadent and Symbolistic schools—of those who gathered at the Chat Noir, undoubtedly named from Poe's story, and of those

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still lesser Bohemians who delighted in the cheaply gruesome Cabarets de la Mort, so popular in Paris during the early nineties.

Mallarmé, for a time the chief of the Symbolistic school, saw the greater sides of Poe. Better than any one else in France, he appreciated Poe's one sure claim to immortality, the sheer beauty of his very few great poems. Better than any one else, Mallarmé has rendered these into French. Baudelaire had translated only one of the poems, "The Raven." Mallarmé's first published work was a new translation of "The Raven," superior to Baudelaire's in almost every point. Baudelaire, for instance, renders "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven," by "Bien que ta tête soit sans huppe et sans cimier"; Mallarmé gives us "Quoique ta crête soit chue et rase." Only once does he distinctly fall below Poe in his choice of words, where (like Baudelaire) he renders "bosom's core" by "au fond de mon sein." Only once does he let his own love of the unusual in expression triumph over his faithfulness to Poe, when he changes "By the heaven that bends above us" into "Par les cieux sur nous *épars*." Mallarmé also has the intelligence to know that "Ulalume," "For Annie," and many others of Poe's poems are superior to "The Raven." Unfortunately, his translations are in prose, and so much the larger part of Poe's effect is lost, in spite of the care and even genius which he shows in his choice of words. It was in 1888 that he published, in a beautiful volume illustrated by Manet, twenty of Poe's poems. The only complete translation of the poems into French, so far as I know, is that published in the following year by Mourey, who has also translated Swinburne.

V.

The influence of Poe is somewhat more evident in Baudelaire's prose than in his verse. Yet here, too, the resemblance is slight. Baudelaire even seems to me to owe much more to De Quincey than to Poe. Less intellectual than Poe, and far more sensuous, he could reproduce Poe's creations admirably, but could not imitate them. On the other hand, he could, and did, imitate De Quincey. Only in "Mon Cœur mis à nu" do I find direct echoes of Poe—both in its autobiographic method (more sincere, however, and less creative, than Poe's); and in phrases like this: "Au moral comme au physique, j'ai toujours eu la sensation du gouffre"; or this: "Tout enfant, j'ai senti dans mon cœur deux sentiments contradictoires: l'horreur de la vie et l'extase de la vie." This is true Poe, but rather by detail of technical method than by intellectual creation of substance.

Others have imitated Poe better than Baudelaire, in almost every class of short story, from the pseudo-scientific tale of adventure to the wildest exaggerations of the grotesque and horrible; from Jules Verne's last work, "Le Sphinx des glaces," which is a sequel to Poe's "Arthur Gordon Pym," to the "Contes pour les assassins" of Maurice Beaubourg. And between these extremes are to be found such masters as Richepin (especially, for instance, in his "Morts bizarres"); as Marcel Schwob, in many a collection; and as Maupassant himself, whose briefer tales, like "Une Apparition," descend directly from Poe, and whose story of the dead Schopenhauer's false teeth might well have been written by Poe himself. Instances abound. Chief among them are the "Contes cruels," "Nouveaux Contes cruels," and "Histoires insolites" of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Maeterlinck, by the way, was once so unguarded as to say: "I owe all I have done to Villiers." One might mention also, as in the lineage of Poe, the "Contes fantastiques" of such gentle and harmless authors as Erckmann-Chatrian; but these belong rather to a collateral branch, with Hoffmann for their direct ancestor.

The names of Hoffmann and Poe are often linked together as forerunners of the modern tale. But certainly in France, and perhaps everywhere, in the second half of the nineteenth century, Poe's influence has been far greater than Hoffmann's. To my mind, the most remarkable thing about Poe as a mere prose-writer (for I believe his poetry alone can be of great permanent value) is his anticipation of the modern desire culminating in such tales as Kipling's "Wireless," for a pseudo-scientific supernaturalism to replace the mystic, symbolic, or merely romantic supernaturalism which Hoffmann and all his contemporaries give us. Poe even took some of his plots from Hoffmann; but where Hoffmann had made a subject mystical and vague, Poe made it mysterious and intelligible. This does not mean that Poe is superior; but it does mean that he is both more modern and more French. To sum up, he is an inventive, not an imaginative, genius. And he is vastly superior to Hoffmann, and likewise to all his American rivals for fame, as an artist pure and simple, whether in the short story, or in verse. Therefore he is the one American writer who has been accepted and acclaimed by the majority of intelligent Frenchmen.

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

New York.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1862 Prof. Francis J. Child wrote a little operetta, "Il Pesceballo," founded (if we may use this word in connection with anything so slight) upon the old college song "The Lay of the One Fishball." His purpose was to have it sung as a public entertainment, the proceeds to be used for helping the loyalists of east Tennessee who had been impoverished by the ravages of the war. Professor Child (according to the late Charles Eliot Norton) submitted his Italian verses to James Russell Lowell for revision. Lowell at once "dashed off" an English version, and the thing was printed as a little pamphlet of thirty-one pages, Child's Italian verses on one side of the leaf, Lowell's English ones on pages facing; and this pamphlet has been much sought after by Lowell collectors. It has no title-page, but has a "dropped head" and Dramatis Personæ on p. 1, the text beginning on p. 2. The late J. Chester Chamberlain discovered that there were three distinct forms, with slight textual and typographical variations. The first edition was printed as an octavo on four sheets, with signature marks 1, 2, 3, and 4 on pages 1, 9, 17, and 25, respectively. The second and third editions were printed on two sheets only, with signature marks 1 and 2 on pages 1 and 17. The first and second editions were issued as a stitched pamphlet, without cover, but the third has a pale green printed cover bearing title and imprint "Cambridge Printed at the Riverside Press 1862." The first edition contains several misprints, which were corrected in the second and third:

P. 8, line 1, "piacier" was corrected to "piacer."
P. 8, line 1, "pocco" was corrected to "poco."
P. 18, line 8, "anchorè" was corrected to "anchorchè."

A fourth misprint, "Salutateto" for "Salutatelo," p. 28, line 7, was never corrected. The word "Saloon" in the last line of page 5 is in Roman type in the first edition, and italic in the second and third; and in line 10, p. 23, "and" is in italic type in the first and second editions, but in Roman in the third. The three editions seem to have been printed in the same office from the same font of type, perhaps set by the same compositor, but differences in measurements, relative positions of lines, broken types, etc., make it improbable that the types were kept standing. A reprint of the third edition (210 copies) was made by the Caxton Club of Chicago in 1899, with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton. Laid in one of Mr. Chamberlain's copies is a letter from Professor Norton, dated April 4, 1902, in which he says, "'Il Pesceballo' was originally issued in brown covers." This seems to be a mistake. The earlier copies were issued without covers, and no copy of any edition with a brown cover can be traced. W. H. Arnold's copy of the first edition brought $140 in 1901, but it has since sold for less; H. W. Poor's copy went for $60 a few weeks ago.

On January 18 and 19 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell a collection, including five of the original issues of the Jesuit Relations; a presentation copy of Neal's "History of New England" (1720), 2 vols.; Dresser's "Historien und Bericht von dem Newlicher Zeit erfundenen Königreich China" (1598), including a German translation of Hariot's "Newfoundland of Virginia," the first book on Virginia; a long series of editions of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," and other books and pamphlets by her; the rare Philadelphia editions (1828) of the first and second series of the "Elia" Essays, including several which were not collected in England until five years later; Andrew Lang's first book, "Ballads and Lyrics of

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Old France" (1872); and several first editions of Scott. On January 20 and 21 the same firm will offer the library of Henry A. Smith of Milford, Conn., including Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America" (1779), a special copy; Monardes's "Joyful Newes Out of the Newfound World" (1580); Smith's "Historical Account of the Expedition Against the Ohio Indians" (1766), with the two plates by Benjamin West; and Phillis Wheatley's "Poems" (1773).

On January 18-21 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will offer the library of the Hon. Hiram C. Day of Buffalo. This collection includes first editions of several of Dickens's novels, small collections of first editions of several prominent American authors, and books on Lincoln and the civil war, one being the first edition of the Lincoln and Douglas Debates (1860).

Correspondence.

THE PRESIDENCY OF HARVARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: More than two months have elapsed since President Eliot's resignation was announced, and as yet his successor has not been chosen. At least, if the members of the Corporation have decided on a candidate, they have not allowed anyone to suspect that they have done so; and in conversation the Fellows individually speak as if they were still perplexed. But they are a wonderful group of men for keeping a secret, so that no one outside really knows the situation to-day. Nevertheless, there are certain aspects of the election which it may be well to describe, if only as a matter of record.

In the first place, everybody familiar with Harvard or with Harvard gatherings knows that for twenty years past a favorite topic of discussion has been who shall succeed Mr. Eliot. If he had retired ten years ago, the choice might have fallen on Dean Briggs, who was remarkably popular with the undergraduates and their parents, as well as with his colleagues. A little earlier than that there was talk, especially outside of Cambridge, of looking for a man of affairs, because many graduates doubted whether any person with only academic training could possess the qualities now required to run a great institution like Harvard University. William E. Russell and Roger Wolcott, Governors of Massachusetts, were both talked of, but death removed them too early for either to be seriously considered. Then a man of affairs more conspicuous than they loomed up. Theodore Roosevelt was immensely popular with the younger generation of Harvard men; he was the idol especially of the sporting set, who in those years felt that President Eliot was going to an extreme in opposing athletics; and he was regarded by many as a "great drawing card"—as if a university, like a circus, could really prosper by the advertising that comes from unlimited fanfare. Mr. Roosevelt's more serious advocates urged that he would infuse new blood into education, break down desiccated routine, cut much academic red-tape, and let loose energy which would bear fruit in every department. That he ever regarded himself as a possible successor to Mr. Eliot is more than doubtful. For several years past, that is, since the possibility was first broached, it has been no secret that the present Corporation did not favor him, and Mr. Roosevelt himself has treated the matter as a joke.

In 1901 Jerome D. Greene, a non-graduate of the class of 1896, was appointed secretary to President Eliot, and subsequently secretary to the Corporation. His efficient arrangement of office details relieved the president of much drudgery, and at the same time it made Mr. Greene familiar with all the business and interests of the university. He showed so much capacity as head of a bureau that it began to be whispered about that he was being coached for the presidency. Mr. Greene, be it said, from all testimony that comes from Cambridge, went quietly on his way, displaying joy in his work, and never indicating by speech or manner that he dreamed of being either heir apparent or heir presumptive.

Meanwhile President Eliot celebrated his thirty-fifth anniversary (in 1904) without dropping a hint of retiring. All that one heard was that he would not stay on a day after he became conscious that his powers were in the least impaired. Impairment has been the last thing to be associated with him during the past five years, when he has undertaken long journeys, spoken scores of times each year on many topics besides education, and has come to be generally recognized as the foremost living American. But on November 5, he surprised everybody by resigning. Many persons said at once that he must, of course, have picked out his successor. But it soon became clear that this was not the case. The Corporation individually asked for suggestions—and for two months they have been searching, sifting, eliminating. The first noticeable fact was the appeal to precedent. Mr. Eliot, it was said, was elected at thirty-five; Mr. Eliot had been the greatest university president in history; therefore, in order to get his counterpart, we must elect a young man now. In other words, youth was supposed to outweigh every other consideration, and thirty-five to be the magic number. But the truth was, of course, that Eliot succeeded because he was *Eliot*, and not because he was *young;* for his immediate predecessor, Thomas Hill, also had youth on his side, but it did not avail.

Mr. Greene naturally was now thought of and the various points in his favor were canvassed. Another young man, Theodore Lyman, assistant professor of physics, loomed also into view. He, too, was young and, moreover, a kinsman of President Eliot; but whatever his ability as a physicist, apparently no one could show that he had ever had any experience in executive work, or had expressed an opinion on education. The university public hardly knew him by sight, so unobtrusively had he devoted himself to his classroom and laboratory. One heard from a considerable section of the faculty: "President Eliot has been a man of science; now let us have a régime under which the humanities will flourish." Singularly enough, however, the poor humanities, which cry out so loudly for our sympathies and insist so unintermittently that they alone make all-round men, seem unable in these latter days to produce the goods—if one may be permitted so unhumane an expression. The two middle-aged members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences who have been most frequently mentioned—Dean Sabine and Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell—could not be credited to the humanities; for the former is the chief authority on acoustics in America, a physicist of original powers, and for the past two years dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Applied Science; while Professor Lowell, having made a reputation as a lawyer in Boston, took up the study of government and produced a work on "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe" (1896) which led to his appointment as professor of the science of government at Harvard in 1900.

Outside of Cambridge, candidates were sought for. In Boston, James J. Storrow, member of the banking house of Lee, Higginson & Co., energetic citizen, indefatigable chairman of the School Board, seems to have been most widely discussed, and with the greatest favor. At a distance, Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, whose friends describe his marked executive ability in managing a complicated and extensive institution, and his tact in dealing with men of all kinds, was recommended. Chancellor David F. Houston, recently transferred from the presidency of the University of Texas to the head of Washington University, in St. Louis, was also discussed. Like Dean Sabine, he is not a graduate of Harvard College, having taken an A.M. only; but this is generally held to qualify him as a "Harvard man." That qualification is regarded as indispensable by everybody; because, it is said, if Harvard, having bred nearly a hundred presidents for other colleges, can't breed one for herself, she had better go out of business.

These have been the chief candidates discussed by the public. Doubtless, the Corporation has investigated many others. For several weeks, the canvass was much restricted because the idea prevailed that no "old man" had any chance. Fifty was the dead line; forty or thirty-five was the age preferred. But the feeling has increased that the advantages of youth are balanced by the uncertainty as to whether youth will make good. The past few weeks the question has been, "Who is the best man?" not, "Who is the best young man?"

This has led to a survey of the actual condition of the university, and of the sort of work which the next president will have specially thrust upon him. This survey has opened many eyes to the fact that the needs which were crying to be satisfied in 1869 no longer exist. The higher education has come. The professional schools are organized. The elective system has been given the broadest experiment. The principle of liberty has been extended to religious exercises and to the general life of the students. What is needed now is not an innovator like President Eliot, but a conserver, a solidifier, a coördinator. The schools are practically autonomous. The subject which most requires attention now is the College itself, the old "academic department," which at Harvard, and at every other university of sufficient development, now leads an anomalous life. The American college is passing through a period of transformation. It is neither a German

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gymnasium nor an English college, nor such a college as flourished at Cambridge fifty years ago. The problem is to find a proper sphere for it—to restore its *raison d'être* and validity. This is the problem which awaits the new president of Harvard, and it is far more important that he shall have enlarged and sound ideas upon it, than that he shall be a few years younger or older than an arbitrarily fixed limit.

"A young man will require ten years to learn his job; why not take a mature man, who can begin at once—and so save all that time?" is the commonest argument to-day; and the men who utter it usually add, "Why not take Professor Lowell?" There is no doubt that the current has set strongly toward him. He has proved his ability in every field he has entered—as lawyer, as trustee of the Lowell Institute, as trustee of the Institute of Technology. He is a rare combination of the man of the world, in its best sense, and of the university leader. During his twelve years' service as teacher at Harvard he has thrown himself with characteristic energy into the interests of professors and students alike. He is not only the most popular, but the keenest, lecturer in the College. And so far as concerns the amenities of the president's position, including the proper entertainment of guests and the relations between the head of the university and the undergraduates, he could be counted upon. As author, he has won an international reputation, his recent exhaustive treatise on England having placed him in the small class where Mr. Bryce is the acknowledged master. The chief objection raised against him is his age: he is fifty-two. If he were forty-five he might be chosen. But under ordinary circumstances he has fifteen, if not twenty, years of activity before him; and that is as much as need be provided for. X.

Boston, January 5.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial of December 24, "After the Higher Criticism—What?" concludes with the assumption that the advent of the higher criticism has meant for those who accept its methods an end of the ages of faith. Such an assertion is perhaps best met by simply stating that the very reverse is actually the case. The higher criticism has lifted from the Bible the incubus of an impossible theory of its authority, and once more allows its narratives, laws, psalms, prophecies, and evangel to "lie as they befell, alive and warm, part of human life and of the landscape, and of the cheerful day." Does this, think you, make them therefore mere "literature," and undivine?

The transition from the point of view of your editorial to that of one who has passed through the discipline of the higher criticism and still kept the peace that passeth all understanding cannot well be managed in a few paragraphs. But the fact, as a record of experience, is worth something. It at least disposes of your notion that the disciples of the higher criticism are all "confused," and that the churches are simply "drifting," as you so sweepingly affirm, "without chart, compass, or pilot." Your contention, to be accurate, is only that "most" of them are so adrift, for you fail to make the charge specific. In truth be it said, there is drifting enough. But it is among those who, as you justly put it, are "sticking desperately to the old phrases—though in a new sense"—trying to keep hold of an outworn notion of authority and to have done with it at the same time. These, however, are no true disciples of the higher criticism, which is nothing if not intellectually honest.

I believe that I speak for many who have had the same experience with myself. We have simply felt the necessity of facing the facts. The Bible is not, as was once believed, inerrant from cover to cover. This being indubitably so, one has to discriminate, and ask whether any of it is true. Critical science leads the way to such necessary discrimination by exhibiting the various books in their historical origin and relations. Especially it shows that in them all, as human productions, truth and erroneous ways of envisaging truth are everywhere intermixed. But like all science that knows what it is about, criticism moves in the realm of phenomena only—in this case of literary phenomena belonging to the early ages of a certain people. It does not at all raise the ultimate question of source, implied in your reference to Christianity as "of divine or miraculous origin." The higher critic, being human, may go out of his way to pronounce on this deeper question; but as higher critic it does not concern him in the least. It is far more probable that some well-meaning tyro, such as your apocryphal Chicago professor, will rise up to decide these graver issues off-hand and mislead the uninformed by posing as a disciple of the higher criticism. The answer to the question of ultimate origin which you raise can come only in small part from the critical side. It is more properly philosophical; or better, as two of your correspondents in the issue of December 31 suggest, it has to be answered out of life. An utter confusion of mind on this final question is shown in your naïve suggestion that *science* is to offer a substitute for the authority which you declare is lost.

For light on the subject, let us go back to your figure of the "drifting" church. A church that was steering and not drifting would have a compass somewhere aboard, that through all changes in its course would keep true to the pole. Men reading that indicator and studying the eternal stars would know whither they were going and their hearts would be at rest. "Which things are an allegory," the compass being that inner sense which for want of a better name we call the spiritual sense in man; and the stars those unfading spiritual realities called in the Bible righteousness, love, truth—all held in the embracing life of God. These are not valid and eternal *because* they are in the Bible; they are in the Bible because the men who live in its pages saw with growing clearness in the realm of eternal things. Now only that can be authoritative over the spiritual sense which holds it true, as the needle is held to the pole. In the gospel according to Matthew, to which you strikingly allude, that which has appealed even to average minds through eighteen centuries, is surely the luminous personality and utterances of the Prophet of Nazareth, not the embroidery of pious fancy and of material miracle with which the following age quite naturally surrounded him. Men may differ about the miracle of the Gadarene swine, or about the more significant but no more credible miracle of the resurrection, without forfeiting the name of Christian. What constitutes a Christian, one must hope, is the instant inner response to such sayings as the Golden Rule, the commandment of love, the aspiration after the perfect, which lift the Sermon on the Mount above the region of criticism into that of inspiration.

Whether one is to speak of the religion whose human source is to be found in the life thus reflected in Old and New Testaments as "miraculous" or "divine," will depend on his habitual use of words, which in turn will depend on his general philosophy of life. But the question is not one regarding which science, critical or otherwise, has properly anything to say. The higher criticism, having set the Biblical books back into their natural relations to contemporary life and habits of thought, will be discreetly silent as to whether God was more in human life then than He is now. But the spirit in man, if he has kept himself sensitive to the instant touch upon him of the living God, will not hesitate to affirm that He lives, as well as lived.

But here we are in the realm of religion, not of science; the same wherein the author of the "Imitation" found his rest of the heart. Religion has not gone out of life with the advent of the higher criticism. Far from it! Your readers ought to be told, if they do not know, that there are many men in not a few churches over whom the discipline of the higher criticism has passed as a freshening power; who are not confused or drifting, who have not lost the peace that passeth understanding—all because they dare utter the truth that is given momentarily to all faithful souls, not only in words spoken nineteen and twenty-seven centuries ago, but yesterday and to-day by an ever-living God. Richard W. Boynton.

First Unitarian Church, Buffalo, N. Y., January 2.

THE STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A multiplicity of demands the last fortnight has prevented my going through the *Nation* till to-night, so that I have only just read your editorial of December 24 entitled "After the Higher Criticism—What?" This writer, for one, has not learned that the foundation has gone, nor the superstructure, either. For the foundation never was "certain traditions and documents," nor the "origin of the Bible." That baneful doctrine came in a few hundred years ago, and it seems as if now, when Protestantism is compelled to relinquish it, a Pope of Rome would take it over. Be that as it may, while the Catholic religion never claimed, and never can claim, to be founded on a book, not even on the Book of Books, not in many centuries has there been an age when the Bible has been so precious to her sons, so full of light, of inspiration, of power in their lives. The Church is built upon a Personality. She is built of living personalities; St. Peter and St. Paul both said so. That is no "stumbling, groping church, uncertain whence it

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came and whither it goes," whose priests on every Lord's Day give solemn thanks at the altar to Almighty God that "we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of Thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people." Those priests in the pulpit may neither expatiate upon the Higher Criticism nor fulminate against it; they have a better message. In their studies they may welcome whatever the newest learning may bring to them; but keeping in their ministrations to the old Church's profound ethical, spiritual, and very simple principles and precepts which refresh the weary, guide the erring, warn the self-willed, and confirm the faithful, they use sacraments and sermons as earnest (though sometimes erring) physicians of the soul. And they find it a very blessed calling; best exercised, like that of the doctor, in quietness, devotion, and much reliance on common sense.

W. F. FABER.

St. John's Rectory, Detroit, January 4.

ANOTHER OBSTACLE TO CO-OPERATION IN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the very interesting letter from Miss Agnes F. Perkins of Wellesley on "Difficulties in the way of coöperation in English," in your issue of December 17, one serious difficulty was not mentioned. I heartily agree with your correspondent that the English teacher can accomplish little unless teachers of other subjects demand good English from their students. But many teachers of other subjects can never do this, for the simple and excellent reason that they do not know what good English is. I have known heads of departments in reputable colleges who habitually said "He don't" and "Do it like I do."

The trouble is, of course, due to the modern system of training teachers. To quote the New York *Evening Post*, "One must know too much about some one thing, and nothing about everything else; that is true scholarship." Professor James said three or four years ago—I quote from memory—that the most striking thing about the average college professor is his encyclopædic ignorance. Prof. Irving Babbitt, in his recent book on "Literature and the American College," observes that the members of a modern college faculty have almost no training or knowledge in common; they are "a collection of infinitely repellent particles." The definition is painfully apt. The late Professor Shaler, a scholar of the old type, vigorously resented the remark that the pursuit of science unfits a man for literature, and to prove that it does not, he wrote five plays in noble Elizabethan blank verse. Men of Professor Shaler's versatility and power have always been rare in college faculties, as elsewhere; but the typical college teacher of his generation was a man of far broader training and interests than the typical college teacher of to-day. The older men are disappearing rapidly from our faculties, and men trained according to the recipe of scholarship quoted above are taking their places. A man may have made important original contributions to science, and yet be so ignorant of Latin as to suppose that Marius is accented on the second syllable. I have heard an eminent man of science so pronounce the word, and a few minutes later inform his audience—a Phi Beta Kappa society—that "the Romans called men 'vires.'"

This difficulty, I think, lies deeper than any of those which your correspondent discusses. We shall never have intelligent cooperation in teaching English or anything else until we have teachers who are broadly trained.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, December 24.

THE NIGHT'S THOUSAND EYES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers who care for such things were doubtless much interested in Mr. H. E. Woodbridge's letter, entitled "A Parallel from Lyly," printed in the *Nation* of December 24. Another parallel quite as interesting, however, is to be found in the third quatrain of Sylvester's sonnet, printed in the "Golden Treasury," under the title, "Love's Omnipresence":

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.

Still more interesting is it to note the close connection of all these bits with the little epigram of Plato in the Anthology:

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω

Thou, my star, at the stars art gazing; would I were heaven, that I might behold thee with many eyes.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., December 30.

APROPOS OF THE FAILURE OF "WINTERFEAST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In spite of the fact that some of Mr. Kennedy's critics characterized his latest drama "Winterfeast" as an excellent piece of work, it nevertheless failed of success in New York. In view of this fact, I venture to quote a few words from Goethe. In a letter to Sartorius, he says:

At the theatre a fresh and direct appeal is the all-important thing. People do not like to reflect, think, concede; they want to receive and enjoy. It is for this reason that inferior pieces are frequently better received than the superior ones; and, what is more, rightly so.

After all, we have to remember that some dramas are better suited for the study, and others again for the stage; and I do not believe that either merit, therefore, can in any case be consistently construed to be an inherent defect so long as we preserve the proper point of view. The same standard will simply not do service for both categories. Indeed, I know at least one gentleman who prefers even his Shakespeare in the study to his Shakespeare on the stage.

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

Cornell University, January 4.

APPEAL FOR LETTERS OF F. A. WOLF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Siegfried Reiter of Prague is engaged in preparing an edition of the letters of the noted classical philologist Friedrich August Wolf. If the possessors of any such letters in this country will be so kind as to communicate with me, it will be of great assistance to Professor Reiter, to whom I shall convey any information thus received.

ARTHUR STANLEY PEASE.

No. 61 Sparks Street, Cambridge, Mass., January 5.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. will publish soon a one-volume commentary on the Bible, edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow. The work includes not only a commentary on each of the books of the Bible, but also a series of articles dealing with the larger questions suggested by the Bible as a whole. It has been edited, according to the announcement of the publishers, on the principle of incorporating the assured results of modern scholarship, while avoiding extreme or doubtful opinions. Among the contributors are such scholars as Canon Ragg, Principal Adeney, Professor Nairne, Dr. Plummer, and Professor Kennett, in England, and in this country, Professor MacFadyen of Toronto, Professor Paton of Hartford Seminary, Professor Robinson of McCormick Theological Seminary, and Professor Ropes of Harvard.

Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish in February "American Verse, 1625-1807," by Dr. William Bradley Otis, instructor in English in the College of the City of New York. Dr. Otis begins with the publication of "Nova Anglia" and ends with "The Columbiad." He discusses his subject under five heads: "Historical Verse," "Religious Verse," "Political and Satirical Verse," "Imaginative Verse," and "Translations."

Lewis Melville is engaged upon a life of William Beckford, author of "Vathek." He will have access to letters and papers now in the possession of Beckford's descendants, but he would be glad to have other letters sent to him, in care of Messrs. Curtis Brown & Massie, 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

Lady Ritchie's "Black Stick Papers" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a pleasant volume of reminiscences deriving its title from Thackeray's Fairy Blackstick, who was interested in "old books, young people, schools of practical instruction, rings, roses, sentimental affairs, etc., etc." It is written in the mellow, conversational style of one who revives for friends or records in a private journal serene memories of gracious and generous souls that have slipped into the twilight. From the rather random character of the recollections, the coterie point of view, and the steady amiability of treatment, the papers are somewhat lacking in force and definiteness of impression—a little malice in the heart frequently imparts to pen-portraits a faithful vividness which pure benevolence cannot attain. On the other hand, few writers to-day are as happily qualified by birth and associations as Lady Ritchie to link the living with the dead. Few have seen, even in a box at the opera, the ship-launching face of George Sand. Few have just missed a call from Tourguénieff, or have even had a friend who had seen him returning from a laundry with a basketful of freshly ironed dresses. Who else, one is tempted to ask, has sat listening to rare Mrs. Gaskell telling ghost

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stories till Leslie Stephen came up the walk and gave, it may be taken for granted, a more rational turn to the conversation? Such delightful touches should not perish from the earth. Much as one admires Lady Ritchie's fine reserve in speaking of her relations with her father's friends and acquaintances, we could pardon a slightly more confidential vein in one who has been so many great Achilleses in the field of literature, art, and music.

"Andrew Marvells Poetische Werke," by Dr. Robert Poscher, in the series Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie, is a monograph by a professed admirer of Marvell. He has devoted 110 pages to paraphrases, more or less complete, of each of Marvell's poems and satires, adding brief critical comments, and a short account of the poet's life. To the English reader, acquainted with Marvell, this is valueless except as it shows the deadening influence of much of the so-called "scientific study" of English literature. In these unilluminating analyses, the poetry has disappeared; in his criticisms, Dr. Poscher seems utterly unable to grasp the essential qualities of this too much neglected poet—his close and sympathetic observation of nature infused with a spirit akin to our modern transcendentalism, his graceful, delicate touch, his sudden flashes of imagination. A single example will show Dr. Poscher's critical method:

> The noun most used by Marvell is probably "flower," closely followed by "tear." Some passages in this poem ("Eyes and Tears") remind the reader of the "Drop of Dew" and "The Nymph and the Fawn," where tears are often mentioned; the nymph weeps, the fawn weeps, the trees weep, the heavens weep, and even the stone weeps. When he asserts in "Eyes and Tears" that human eyes have this advantage, that they alone can weep, he contradicts himself. Grosart cites a passage from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," where the brute creation weeps, and deems it necessary to bring forward a proof from his own experience, stating that he had seen a little terrier, at the death of its master, weep bitterly and die. Possibly the dog in "Dame Siriz" might be mentioned in this connection (pp. 47-48).

This last sentence is a fine stroke, but we are sorry to see that Dr. Poscher has forgotten that in certain versions of Lewis Carroll's pathetic ballad of "The Walrus and the Carpenter"—we have been unable to consult the original manuscript—the walrus also weeps! The remainder of the monograph is taken up with a consideration of the writers who influenced Marvell, his style, his meter. Who, asks Dr. Poscher (p. 32), in reading

> I am the mower Damon, known
> Through all the meadows I have mown

does not hear ringing in his ears the lines

> Sum pius Aeneas . . .
> fama super aethera notus.

We would wager that Marvell did not hear it. In regard to meters, Dr. Poscher can count syllables and draw diagrams of Marvell's verse forms, but he cannot catch the charm of "The Garden," and he does not hear the Miltonic ring in those lines that Lowell admired:

> When up the armèd mountains of Dunbar
> He marched, and through deep Severn, ending war.

This monograph is a fair example of the thesis work in English at present produced at the German universities. To misrepresent the debt English studies owe to German scholarship, both past and present, is not the purpose of this review, but we certainly desire to point out to the general reader that the studies for the doctorate in English, published in our own country, dull and formless as many of them are, are more significant in the scholarship they display, and far more fruitful in the results they attain, than the too numerous theses published in Germany to-day.

"The Trowbridge Genealogy," by Francis B. Trowbridge of New Haven, is the third account of this family which has been prepared, but it far surpasses the first issues in thorough treatment and accuracy of investigation. Thomas Trowbridge of Taunton, England, was the first emigrant of the family, and this portly volume deals chiefly with his descendants. Other lines are not neglected, and the records of the Pension Office and the War Department yielded rich returns, proving the wide distribution of the name and the number of remotely connected families. The emigrant, a son of John Trowbridge, came to Dorchester about 1636, but soon removed to New Haven, which has since been the seat of the family. The finding of John's will in the Taunton records, a mere fragment as it is, establishes the English connection. It is strange that so little is known of the causes of emigration to America, and on this point the records are silent in this instance. Religious or political unrest is the usual explanation, but it would be interesting to know the particular pressure brought upon individual families. The author assumes that Thomas emigrated with the intention of making only a temporary stay in the settlement, but he has no proof to offer. The volume, which is published by the author, is clear in arrangement and contains much of value.

Some interesting contributions to the history of Boston are made in the fifth volume of the Bostonian Society Publications. The close connection with Boston, Lincolnshire, in the early days, is shown in the account of a visit to that place by J. F. Hunnewell. Benedict Arnold appears in a new light in a letter written to Miss Mercy Scollay, dated Philadelphia, July 15, 1778, in which he offers to provide for the education of the children of "my late worthy friend Gen'l Warren, . . . who to my great surprise, I find have been entirely neglected by the State. . . . I have sent you by Mr. Hancock five hundred dollars for the present. I wish you to have Richard clothed handsomely and sent to the best school in Boston. Any expense you are at, please draw on me for, which shall be paid with thanks." Among some historic processions described was one on January 23, 1793, "in commemoration of the successes of their French brethren, in their glorious enterprise for the establishment of equal Liberty." A prominent feature was a roasted ox on whose right horn "was displayed the Republican Flag of France, and from the left that of the United States," and "a Hogshead of Punch, drawn by six horses." Among the illustrations are portraits of Capt. Isaac Hull and Lafayette.

After an interval of about six years since the publication of the first volume of the Irish Texts Society edition of Keating's "History of Ireland," the second and third volumes have now been issued. There still remains a fourth, which is to contain the genealogies and synchronisms, together with explanatory notes, indexes, and such apparatus; but the entire body of the history, both text and translation, is now finished, and students of Celtic literature and tradition will rejoice to have it at last accessible in print. David Comyn, who began the work of editing, was obliged to relinquish it on account of ill health and did not live to see the publication of the later parts. The Rev. P. S. Dinneen, his successor, has been one of the most productive contributors, as author, editor, and lexicographer, to the work of the Gaelic League, and is well equipped for the interpretation of a modern Irish text. In our review of the first volume (see the *Nation* of May 14, 1903, p. 399) we expressed some doubt concerning the group of manuscripts which the editor had chosen to follow, and also the hope that a fuller account of the textual tradition would be given later on. Father Dinneen, we are glad to see, has supplied additional information on the subject; and we observe, too, that he has based his text on a different manuscript from that adopted by Mr. Comyn. As a result of this change of plan the edition will not consistently represent either of the two main recensions of the work.

"Old Edinburgh," by Frederick W. Watkeys (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), is a sort of glorified guide-book, answering much the same purpose as Hare's famous "Walks" in various cities. It has the advantage over Hare's books of being more conveniently got out, in two smallish volumes, profusely illustrated, often from interesting old prints, and including a sufficient historical sketch. On the other hand, the author's style has none of that charm arising from genuine old-school culture which goes so far to atone for Mr. Hare's many curious lapses. Mr. Watkeys, for instance, insists upon calling buildings "Gothic" and, in the same breath, attributing them to Inigo Jones; and of King James I of Scotland he risks the valuable criticism that "his poetry evinces no inferiority to that of his contemporaries." But his main purpose of bringing "before the reader the principal and interesting events in the history of the Old Town" and "some account of the manners and customs of her old-time citizens, together with certain details relating to the ancient life of the city," he has accomplished in a way to afford much pleasure and profit to those who have leisure to study their Edinburgh, close by close, and wynd by wynd, under his expert guidance.

The sub-title of "Things Korean" (F. H. Revell Co.), by Horace N. Allen, M.D., "a collection of sketches and anecdotes, missionary, and diplomatic," gives an accurate description of the book. It recounts the experiences of a residence of twenty-one years in the country, the last four as our minister. Many of the incidents are entertaining and instructive, but many are trivial and hardly worthy of record. A pleasant impression on the whole is left of this quaint people who, our author says in his preface, "are now in desperate straits," from the Japanese domination. In the concluding chapters he endeavors to give some impression of the present conditions, while one of his principal objects, it is evident, is to awaken interest in and sympathy for the Koreans in this country.

Under the title "Outlines of Systematic

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Theology," Prof. Augustus H. Strong of the Rochester Theological Seminary, dean of American teachers of doctrinal theology, has issued an abridged edition of his "Systematic Theology," published in three volumes in 1906 (Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press). It contains all the outline statements of the larger work, omitting the bibliographical and illustrative material. Dr. Strong is one of the few remaining defenders of the Calvinistic faith, and this compend sets forth the doctrines of high orthodoxy as clearly, forcibly, and persuasively as could be desired.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the chief protagonist of the "New Theology" controversy, has published some twenty of his week-day sermons, "Thursday Mornings at the City Temple" (The Macmillan Co.). The *rabies theologorum* does not induce a favorable mood for a preacher. It does not allow that "lyric expression of the soul, an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love, and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations," which Martineau found to be the essence of true preaching. The pulpit, Martineau contended, "should be absolutely surrendered to devout thought and utterance, and the consecration of human life by divine affections." Mr. Campbell's pulpit would appear to be surrendered to exposing the foibles and fallacies of the orthodox, to whom he owes the better elements of his religion. But, whatever one may think of some evangelical dogmas, evangelicalism has been too great a force, and is too great a power for good to-day, to be treated unadvisedly or lightly. The world doubtless has need of iconoclasts, but one does not ordinarily go to church to hear things smash, not even on a Thursday morning in a city temple.

Old Testament students have often expressed the wish that the several documents underlying the present text might be printed consecutively by themselves, not in parallel columns. This hope has been fulfilled in part by "The Historical Bible," by Prof. Charles Foster Kent of the Yale Divinity School (Charles Scribner's Sons). Disregarding in large measure the later traditions of the priestly historians, and in part also the work of the Deuteronomist and the Ephraimitic history, he follows in his first volume, "Heroes and Crises of Early Hebrew History," the Judaean document (J), dividing it into sections and commenting on the more important historical material. He professes to have produced thus, "not a new, but the original Old Testament, which is thus restored and freed from the distracting parallels and scribal additions that through the ages have gathered about it." Similarly the second volume, "The Founders and Rulers of United Israel," brings into relief the very early and graphic narratives concerning Saul and David. These handbooks will be found helpful in the study of the history of the Hebrew nation and the development of its religious beliefs, and are adapted to those for whom Professor Kent's "Student's Old Testament" is too elaborate and involved.

The house of Georg Westermann, Brunswick, has begun to issue in parts a noteworthy work, "Die Bücher der Bibel," edited by F. Rahlwes. The purpose is to interpret the Bible, according to the idea of Goethe and Herder, as a collection of literature, and not as a work of edification or doctrinal instruction. This edition, finely illustrated by E. M. Lilien, and arranged from a literary point of view, is to appear in ten volumes, with brief introductions and historical reviews to aid in the understanding of the different groups. The translation is that of the standard Bibelwerk of the late Prof. Ed. Reuss of Strassburg. The first volume, just out, covering the Hexateuch, is entitled "Ueberlieferung und Gesetz." An edition de luxe is also published in 100 copies.

Dr. Wilhelm Hohoff discusses from the point of view of the Catholic Church, the problems of modern Socialism in a work of 340 pages, "Die Bedeutung der Marx'schen Kapital-Kritik: Eine Apologie des Christentums vom Standpunkte der Volkswirtschaftslehre und Rechtswissenschaft" (Paderborn: Bonifacius-Druckerei).

A number of books have recently appeared on the history of German literature. To the series of monographs edited by Prof. Ernst Elster of Marburg under the title Beiträge zur deutschen Literaturwissenschaft Dr. Albin Franz contributes a volume of 264 pages, "Johann Klaj: Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Literaturgeschichte des 17. Jahrhunderts"; Dr. Wilhelm Siebert, "Heinrich Heines Beziehungen zu E. T. A. Hoffmann"; Dr. Richard Kyrieleis, a treatise on the famous novel of Moritz August von Thümmel: "Reise in die mittäglichen Provinzen von Frankreich." The eleventh volume of the collection is Dr. Hans Eichentopf's "Theodor Storms Erzählungskunst in ihrer Entwicklung." The second volume of Alfred Biese's "Deutsche Literaturgeschichte," a volume of 692 pages, embraces the period from Goethe to Moericke. Among the Breslauer Beiträge zur Literaturgeschichte, edited by Dr. Max Koch and Prof. Gregor Sarrazin, the sixteenth volume is Dr. Fritz Karsen's "Henrik Steffens Romane: Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des historischen Romans." The ninth volume of the Münster'sche Beiträge zur neueren Literaturgeschichte is a book of 137 pages by Dr. Bernhard Lips, "Oskar von Redwitz als Dichter der Amaranth." All these works are imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

Some noteworthy Goethe books have been published within a few weeks: "Johann Wolfgang v. Goethe: Die lyrischen Meisterstücke" is an edition in two volumes with an introduction and notes by Prof. Richard M. Meyer; a selection from Goethe's diaries, with an introduction by Hans Gerhard Gräf, under the title "Aus Goethes Tagebüchern"; and "Goethes Briefwechsel mit Marianne von Willemer," edited by Philipp Stein, who also edited the letters of Goethe's mother, Bismarck's speeches, and Rückert's selected works (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

A selection from the works of Hans Sachs has been edited in modern orthography and furnished with an introduction by Dr. Albrecht Keller (Frankfurt: Moritz Diesterweg).

A selection from the works of Otto Erich Hartleben has been published in three volumes, containing respectively poetry, prose, and dramas (Berlin: S. Fischer). It is edited and introduced by Franz Ferdinand Heitmüller, who has written about the dramatists of Hamburg in the eighteenth century, and is one of the collaborators in the Goethe and Schiller Archiv.

Three new anthologies, published in Germany, are worth somewhat more than passing mention. "Hellas und Rom im Spiegel deutscher Dichtung," by Karl Zettel, who died before the first of the two volumes had left the press, is an interesting collection of German poems, relating to classical antiquity, beginning with the mythological period. Practically all the leading poets of Germany are represented (Erlangen: Palm & Enke). Der poetische Cicerone, Städte und Läuder in der Dichtung, edited by Ignaz Jezower, begins with the volume "Venedig," consisting of a set of poetical descriptions of Venice, its history and life, by the leading poets of Europe. The volume begins with Goethe's visit in the autumn of 1786 (Berlin: Behr). A good anthology, especially for the higher classes in the schools, is the book of Dr. M. Consbruch and Prof. Fr. Klincksieck, entitled 'Deutsche Lyrik des 19 Jahrhunderts," the second edition of which has followed directly on the first (Leipzig: C. F. Amelongs Verlag). Practically all the German poets of the past century are represented, and the distribution of space to each is wisely made.

Aside from his "Michael Kohlhaas" so little attention has been paid to the fiction of Heinrich von Kleist that the edition of his stories, "Erzählungen," with an introduction by Erich Schmidt, is bound to be appreciated (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag).

The memory of the gifted woman who was the devoted wife and comrade of the poet Gottfried Kinkel, whom the youthful Carl Schurz aided in escaping from the Spandau prison in 1850, is revived in a little volume by J. F. Schulte, "Johanna Kinkel: Nach ihren Briefen und Erinnerungsblättern" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

Two interesting studies of French authors have lately been published in Germany: Paul Mahn's "Guy de Maupassant: Sein Leben und seine Werke," a volume of 564 pages (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.); and Prof. Paul Bastier's "Victor Hugo und seine Zeit: Eine Einführung in das Studium des Dichters," a work of 240 pages (Leipzig: Xenien-Verlag).

The Hague Society for the Defence of Christianity asks for competitive discussions of the following themes: (1) An Investigation of the Value of the Empirical Psychology of Religion for the Doctrines of Christianity; (2) A Scientific Discussion of Ethics on the Basis of Modern Religious Principles. The prize for the former is to be bestowed on December 15, 1909, and for the latter on the same day, 1910. The prizes are four hundred gulden and a gold medal. Scholars of all nations may compete.

Max West, a special examiner in the Bureau of Corporations of the Department of Commerce and Labor, died at Washington, January 7. He was born at St. Cloud, Minn., in 1870, was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1890, and finally took the doctor's degree at Columbia. For a time he was connected with the University of Chicago, and later he was attached to the staff of the Chicago *Herald*, and then of the *Record*. In 1896 he entered the Division of Statistics in the Department of Agriculture, and since then his work has been mainly in Washington. From 1900 to 1902 he was associate professor of economics in Columbian University. Among

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his writings are "The Inheritance Tax" (1893), "Principles of Taxation" (1907), and many contributions to periodicals.

The death is reported from Edinburgh of Thomas McKie, in his seventy-eighth year. He was a native of Dumfries, and a friend of Carlyle. He published several books, including "Lyrics and Sonnets" and "Summer Rambles."

Prof. G. Wilhelm Schaefer, whose death is announced from Hanover, taught economics at the technical *Hochschule* in that city. He was born in 1834, in Bremke, near Göttingen, and was graduated from the university of the latter town. From 1855 to 1862 he studied law, after which he was attached for a time to the customs service and to several insurance companies. In 1872 he became *Privatdozent* at the Hanover *Hochschule*. His chief works are: "Hypothekenversicherung als Mittel zur Hebung des Grundbesitzes," "Unvereinbarkeit des sozialistischen Zukunftsstaates mit der menschlichen Natur," "Der gewerbliche Credit," "Der Handel in der Volkswirthschaft," "Die Nationalökonomie und die neuere Gesetzgebung," "Aus einem anarchischen Idealstaat," and "Erinnerungen eines Globetrotters."

Prof. Richard Pischel of the University of Berlin has just died at Madras. He left home about the 1st of November to spend a winter of study and travel in India and to give to Hindu students in Calcutta instruction in their ancient Prakrits, in which languages he was the first living authority. His wide attainments exemplify the mighty change in the scope of Indian philology which the last thirty years have wrought. Deeply versed in the Brahmanical literature, Vedic and classical, he was not merely an old-time Sanskritist; he was also eminent as a student of the sacred books of the Jainas (in Prakrit) and in those of the Buddhists (in Pali). Besides all this, he had been an efficient helper in the deciphering of the wonderful finds brought back by Le Coq from East Turkestan. He would have been sixty on the 18th of this month, and had every reason to hope for years of fruitful activity. His works include: "De Kâlidâsae Çâkuntali recensionibus" (1870), "De grammaticis prâciticis" (1874), "Kâlidâsa's Çakuntalâ," the Bengali recension, with critical notes (1877), "Hemacandras Grammatik der Prâkritsprachen" (2 vols., 1877-1880), "The Deçinâmamâlâ of Hemacandra" (1880), "The Therî-Gâthâ" (1883), "Rudrata's Crngâratilaka and Ruyaka's Sahrdayalîlâ, with an introduction and notes (1886), "Vedische Studien" (3 vols., 1889-1901, partly in collaboration with Geldner); "Beiträge zur Kenntnis der deutschen Zigeuner" (1894), "Grammatik der Prâkritsprachen im Grundriss der indoaranischen Philologie" (1900), "Leben und Lehre des Buddha" (1906), "Der Hofdichter der Laks manasena" (1893), "Die Heimat der Puppenspiele" (1900), "Materialien zur Kenntnis der Apabhramsa" (1902).

From Calcutta comes news of the death of Syed Mahomed Abdul Ghafur, more familiarly known as Professor Shahbaz. He was editor of the first Urdu journal, *Darul-Sultanut*, and at one time he was director of public instruction in Bhopal. At the time of his death he was engaged on a biography of the poet-philosopher, Amir Khusro.

RECENT VERSE.

Golden Rod and Lilies. By R. W. Gilbert. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Some Wander Songs and Other Verse. By Horatio Winslow. Madison, Wis.: W. Mayer.

A Modern Judas and Other Rhymes. By E. Vincent. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Apollo and the Seaman, The Queen of Gothland, Stanzas to Tolstoy, and Other Lyrics. By Herbert Trench. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Nature Poems and Others. By William H. Davies. London: A. C. Fifield.

An Earth Poem and Other Poems. By Gerda Dalliba. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Looms of Life. By Herman Scheffauer. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

Narrative Lyrics. By Edward Lucas White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Idylls of Greece. By Horace V. Sutherland. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Ariadne Diainomene and Other Poems. By E. W. Sutton Pickhardt. London: Elkin Matthews.

That most of our current verse is the expression of a refined and elegant egotism, is probably true. To write verse at all in these bustling and distracted days, much more to publish it, is pretty good evidence of a certain kind of vanity. It is nothing less than a tacit assumption of personal superiority, of the possession of gifts or accomplishments sufficiently remarkable to justify an extraordinary demand upon public attention. And yet there is another side to the matter. In a slightly different interpretation all this multitudinous verse, which its makers will insist upon publishing in contempt of modesty and utility, becomes a natural and excusable revolt against the tyranny of means and averages and masses. In protest against a life of humdrum mediocrity and commonplace, it reasserts the claims of charm and distinction, of the unexpected and the incalculable. But, unfortunately, as it has fallen upon evil days, it is either intimidated by the levelling influences about it or else defiant of them; it is apt to be either weak or violent.

It is seldom, however, that self-assertion grows quite so bold, even in the latter extreme, as it does in Mr. Gilbert's "Golden Rod and Lilies." Mr. Gilbert represents himself as a disciple of Walt Whitman. He has the same unpleasant insistence upon sex; the same comfortable faith in the virtues of *laissez-aller*, which he dignifies with the convenient title of Providence; the same streakiness of expression, now colloquial and slangy, anon "literary" and bookish. In his versification, however, he is more conventional; he even practises the sonnet—and what a sonnet!—a kind of stanzaic woodpile, rusticity laid in lengths. Withal he is very energetic—often ridiculous, to be sure, and not infrequently prosaic—but occasionally satiric with point (indeed, satire is his best vein), admirably lyric now and then, always high-spirited and amusing even when he fails to be interesting. In short, for all his indiscipline, vulgarity, and vociferousness, he is one of the most remarkable of those occasional poetic meteors whose brilliancy seldom survives a single flight—though so fitful and unsteady that hardly more than an uncertain glimpse can be caught of him in quotation:

I rest in God, and patiently abide,
Like the young willows by the waterside;
My roots reach out for Him, my leaves expand
To catch His sun and dew on every hand.
. . . . . .
I rest in God, and loaf beneath the trees
Acquiring certain subtle masteries;
If I made haste would I sooner arrive?
And if I wait, will he then cease to strive?
. . . . . .
I rest in God, like my good master, Walt,
And let the wincing world go by default;
Like him, a poet of democracy
I love it well, but it must come to me.

Though Mr. Gilbert may have forced the note a little, yet as a matter of fact assurance—it will hardly do to call it cock-sureness as yet—seems to be gradually prevailing over the humbler mood and the minor key. It was not so very long ago that all the great questions were unanswerable, all the great issues closed, all the great poems written. The season was adverse. Nothing remained save a gentle reminiscent regret or an advised and knowing resignation. The most the poet could hope for was to be no one's dupe but his own. To be sure, the old key recurs occasionally. Mr. Winslow drops into it, for instance, in his "Wander Songs," with their clear, poetic trickle, thin but musical:

Came to the Workmen one who said,
"The works we do are done in vain:
There is no man shall live again
Or hear God's praise when he is dead.

"Yea, what shall be the good of us
When Time has crept a little space
And, leering from his later place,
Has seen us one with Daedalus:

"Our cunning caverns blocked with drift;
Our engines rusted into earth
Our strange devices nothing worth—
Forgotten every trick and shift?"

Yet even here it is but a survival, a mood into which the poet sinks and from which he as promptly rises. On the whole, the spell is broken. With no less characteristic confidence than Mr. Gilbert, though in a contrary sense, Mr. Vincent, too, voices the new spirit in his "Modern Judas":

Warring, war; and wooing,
Woo;

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Do not talk of doing,
Do.

Heart is in the winning
Won
Deed in the beginning
Done.

Wind for wanderer blowing
Blow!
Let the bent on going,
Go.

With admirable consistency he proceeds, in the letter of his own recommendations, to undertake a new poetic dialectic, something like Browning's dramatic soliloquy, with interpolations by the party of the second part in italics—a sort of typographical poetics. Now, Mr. Vincent is no contemptible versifier: his poems have a kind of immediate relevancy, the tang of familiar things, the pungency of freshly broken soil. But if they are racy, it must be added they are only half-cured, too. His treatment of the iambic couplet—it can be called heroic only in an unflattering sense—is something atrocious. His matter, too, is often correspondingly crude:

Janet, pick up the needle you let fall
And go, for young DeVyne has come to call.

There is something too much of this undistilled "actuality" about the volume. What poetry most needs nowadays, all of us are probably ready to admit, is the kind of renewal that comes from fresh vision—a surrender of threadbare "literary" situations and motives for more capacious and significant symbols. But it is absurd to suppose that poetry, whose word is order, can be manufactured of a huddle of raw material whether of language or experience.

Nor on this score is Mr. Trench's "Apollo and the Seaman" wholly irreproachable. The volume contains at least two poems of unusual size and pretensions, the titular piece itself and "The Queen of Gothland." In both the attempt is the same, to transmute a common reality. But the result is not altogether happy. The fusion is incomplete; the solution, cloudy and unsettled. The former in particular consists of a decidedly unwieldy allegory, which requires a good deal of pinching and stretching to fit the circumstances:

I heard them calling in the streets
That the ship I sail upon—
The great ship Immortality—
Was gone down with the sun.

Nothing can wholly redeem such lack of plasticity in the fundamental conception. But during the course of the twenty-nine pages over which this doubtful figure is distended there are several short passages which produce a much more favorable impression of the poet's powers—like the following from the mouth of Apollo:

I have seen Jason and his men
Into bows of Argo piece
Oak of Dodona, ere she slid
To find the golden fleece;
Ay, and triremes of the marble isles
Pursue from Salamis.

I have seen master-galleys rise
Dipping in mass the oar,
And centaur-carven caravels,
And galleons big with ore,
Dromonds, and mountain'd argosies
That sack the globe no more:

Great sails, like yellow weeping clouds,
Heap'd thunder, roaring squall—
And their fadings, like the fleet of stars
That floateth over all.

In connection with a poem like this which harks back to an earlier and more elementary conception of art, it may not be uninteresting to notice a curious little volume by Mr. Davies, called "Nature Poems," which seems, improbably enough, to have drawn its inspiration from John Donne and the Elizabethan decadence. In such a poem as the "Wind" the resemblance is very striking, not only in the technique, but also in the way in which matters naturally homely and irreducible are taken up, and, as it were, suspended in the verse, making a kind of imperfect poetic emulsion:

Sometimes he roars among the leafy trees
Such sounds as in a narrow cove, when Seas
Rush in between high rocks; or grandly roll'd
Like music heard in churches very old.

. . . . . .

Sometimes he whineth like a dog in sleep,
Bit by the merciless small fleas; then deep
And hollow sounds come from him, as starved men
Oft hear rise from their empty parts; and then
He'll hum a hollow groan, like one sick lain,
Who fears a move will but increase his pain.
And now he makes an awful wail, as when
From dark coal-pits are brought up crushed, dead men
To frantic wives.

In one sense this is pretty nearly the negation of poetry. And yet it would probably be going too far to call the characteristic common to all these writers a fondness for deformity, or even formlessness. But, at all events, they show comparatively little susceptibility to the charms of regularity and harmony. What stirs them most is something large, diffuse, indefinable, and uneasy. Gerda Dalliba apparently feels little compunction in writing "An Earth Poem" of 165 pages "to express in words man's needs, capabilities, and progress" —as little as Edwin Markham has in prefacing it with an enthusiastic appreciation. With such a subject, the wonder is, not that the poem is so long, but that it is so good—by fits and starts. The figures in particular are arresting —large and inchoate, like something emerging from stone, a half-erected statue or bas-relief:

Children of Sod look up,
Here is your Earth!
Here is your Air!
And here your World
Squat like a mammoth Urchin of the Sea.
A monstrel of a hybrid breed,
Red, bleared,
Contagious, omnipresent, sightless, torn.

. . . . . .

Long vampire contagions sting the rose of morn,
Its petals heave and weld,
Now amid flames the ghost of fire stalks.
Earth's breasts are built upon by steel and mail,
Her mouth is gullied with the Spit of Life.

Such, too, is the kind of theme which inspires Mr. Scheffauer's "Looms of Life" at its best—this sense of intricacy and unrest. Thus his "Man and the Mountains":

The winds of worlds upon the brow of Man,
Valleys and gorges dark,—
Twilight, and purple banners in the van
Of Night's encroaching arc.

. . . . . .

Peak leaned to solemn peak. The master stirred
Their granite lips to speech;
Each in that sinister vast awe unheard,
Darkly communed with each.

What plots profound, what fathomless designs,
Throbbed through the palsied air?
What subtle secrecies oppressed the pines
Or the cold moon-disc bare?

Through their deep, runic syllables there ran
Tides of tremendous doom,
And when their council closed, the realms of Man
Lay dust on Time's gray loom.

Parallel to some extent with Mr. Vincent's attempts at a new *genre* are Mr. White's "Narrative Lyrics," as he calls them, though the research of novelty is not allowed in this case to encroach so far upon the form. In reality they are most of them old stories, unravelled and deftly rewoven in metrical patterns. Among others there is a "Benaiah," a "Rhampsinitos," a "Shamgar." Their likeness to the lyric consists mainly in the air of personal concern with which they are related. They are surrounded by a kind of emotional atmosphere which refracts the light in a manner quite different from epic. Indeed, it is in the creation of this sort of transparent shadow that Mr. White's skill is principally displayed. The "Deioces" is a pretty good illustration:

He entered as had been agreed.
The moon was high among the quiet stars.
Its light was stencilled on the silent floors
A hand's-breadth wide below the lattices;

. . . . . .

The King's slow breathing guided him along.

. . . . . .

I heard a stir and movement from the bed,
The planting of two firm unhurried feet.
I looked again. The King was there, erect,
His right hand held Harbanus by the throat;
His left hand gripped him by the armed right wrist.

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He did not sway. I could not hear him
breathe.
Harbanus writhed and presently let drop
The dagger and it fell upon the bed
And made no noise. The King moved inch
by inch,
And yet without an effort, as it seemed,
Took up the dagger, drove it firm and deep,
And then, as gently as a father might
Lay in its cot to rest his sleeping child,
Lowered the body slowly to the floor.
I was afraid to run or slink away,
And saw him climb again into the bed,
Cover himself, and soon I heard him breathe
As evenly as early in the night.

. . . . . .

When he arose, Phraortes, white and tense,
Asked why he had not called the palace
guards.

. . . . . .

"There might have been another," said his
son.
"Well," said the King, "and had there been
a score
Which do you fancy they would have pre-
ferred,
To enter as he did or stay without?"

This is a change. But even here the air is still sultry and surcharged; and it is something of a relief to emerge into Mr. Sutherland's "Idylls," with their reworking of transparent old Greek story, whose purpose is admirably expressed by the introduction to "Prokris and Kephalos"—in spite of these jolting k's:

A little love makes life endurable;
Much love would make us gods. And know-
ing this
I bide within the shadow with my harp
And sing of love, and lovers who beheld
Long years ago the beauties ye ignore
The while ye seek, with strain'd and tired
eyes,
The Stairs of Silence, winding ever down.
And though no more my notes may reach
the skies
Like his of old who charm'd the surging
seas
And made the thrushes listen, yet perhaps
Men's hearts may gain some comfort from
the strain
And bless the singer though the stars be
mute.

It is harder, somehow, to accept Mr. Pickhardt's "Ariadne Diainomene." There is something about the form of Greek tragedy which seems incompatible, even in reading, with the idea of contemporary verse; it has at best the air of a *tour de force*, of an academic experiment. And yet Mr. Pickhardt has done his work well; he has attained the kind of success of which his attempt is capable; though, for the reason just mentioned, the recitations, meditative and narrative, seem the most satisfactory portions of the piece, just because they appear in themselves less of an anachronism. As an example may be cited a speech of Ariadne's:

Each year I saw the victims in pale file
Land from their ships at Cnossos; every
spring
The Labyrinth wherein the Minotaur
Was hidden that the sun be not defiled,
Received their inward footstep; but no mark
Of issuing foot therefrom was ever seen.
And each year as I waxed to maidenhood
My pity waxed within me: they that came
They that were offered up in sacrifice
And with their flesh did help perpetuate
The monstrous thing that bellowed deep
within
The bowels of the irremeable maze,
Half-man, half-bull, and wholly horrible,

. . . . . .

How often have I wept beholding them!

CURRENT FICTION.

The Fair Mississippian. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

An old mansion on a Mississippi plantation, a lovely widow with three boys, a forceful tutor, a lost and found codicil, and almost a ghost—these materials hold small promise of originality in plot. Nevertheless, they are presented in novel combinations, and are so interwoven with wonderful pictures of life on the Mississippi River as to prove absorbingly interesting. There are the steamboats coming and going like living actors, and the desperado on his flatboat contributing the melodramatic shadows of the scene. There are plantation hospitalities and bear-hunting and yet more serious deeds of daring; and around all flows and overflows the great river, shaping the days and ways of the dwellers on its banks, making or breaking their fortunes, feeding them, killing them, winning their bread, hiding their crimes, a mighty presence and power. This is not to say that there is not a real and well-contrived story involving love, money, and some interesting characters, but to emphasize the reflection that in the highest sense it is a novel of place. The fly in the amber is a habit of bow-wow in the language which sits with curious artificiality on a story absolutely clear-cut in device—as when a steamboat's electric searchlight makes "a rayonnant halo in the dim glooms of the riparian midnight."

The Gentle Grafter. By O. Henry. New York: The McClure Co.

O. Henry's latest specimen of American humor exhibits less variety of plot and character than his "Voice of the City"—indeed, a few of the stories are undeniably trite. In compensation, however, the harsh ugliness of treatment which characterized the sketches of New York life has given way to a sunnier, more genial cynicism. The work conforms to the Aristotelian comic canon in displaying the follies and vices of mankind in such a way as to excite mirth without pain. The heroes of the "Gentle Grafter" are not harsh, unlovely metropolitans; they are affable, expansive types of the migrant all-around American swindler. They find the criminal welter of Babylon a bit oppressive. In particular, they feel a lofty superiority to the ethics of Wall Street; when they consider their modest transactions in patent-medicines, matrimonial humbugs, and goldbricks, under the shadow of New York financial operations, they glow with the conscious virtue of Sunday School superintendents. As Jeff Peters says:

> Myself, I never believed in taking any man's dollars unless I gave him something to show for it—lumbago lotion, stock certificates, stove polish, or a crack on the head to show for his money.

Jeff, the chief narrator, is an opulent personality. His style, which will doubtless play its part in corrupting the English of his contemporaries, is as full and fruity as plum-cake. It is studded with puns, good and bad. It is larded with Pickwickian paraphrase and grotesque examples of *le mot précis*. It is rich "beyond the dreams of average—rich as Greasers," with malaproprisms and allusions, open and covert, to Walt Whittier, Albert Tennyson, and other celebrities of far less durable reputation. In order adequately to relish its flavor, one should first digest the headlines of the New York and Chicago newspapers for the current year. Ten years hence it will require a commentary as copious as that of the "Dunciad" to elucidate Jeff's "sensations of thought and perspicacity." But what a solidarity of interests on the part of the American public such a book implies—what a hearty appetite for the picturesque vulgarities and rascalities of the hour! As for Jeff himself, he approaches the universal—there is probably no city, town, or village in the Union unvisited by his pilgrim feet.

Sappho in Boston. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

This story, according to the publisher's announcement, "is written delightfully by a man of letters, who, for personal reasons, preserves his incognito." To fix the responsibility of authorship would be a task not unlike the analysis of a pinwheel in action. For this is a story which does not stand still long enough to be criticised. It whizzes and fizzes its way through conversational smartnesses, hypertrophy of wealth, coruscations of epigram, and yet, reaching its end, reveals a solidity that one hardly suspected. It is as if a comet tore by, tail first, all glitter and haze, but at last arrived in order, bringing its head behind it. To tell the truth, the earlier aspects of the story are not wholly attractive; there is something uncanny in the glare and dazzle and something antagonizing in the wilful and, as it proves, motiveless hovering upon the brink of ill taste. The plot is a distant and semi-lunatic relative of the motive in "The Loan of a Lover." The gentleman who plays with precious stones as large as ducks'

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eggs might be a child of Ouida, if he were not situated on Boston Common. Ouidaesque, too, is the man who telegraphs to an "Eminence" for proof that a silver service in a Boston jeweller's is not the only copy of a Windsor Castle original. Now will come a sentence stickily sweet with the archaic sugar of Hewlett; then one slangily terse like Richard Harding Davis. It is superfluous to add that the book is nothing if not brisk, even breathless reading, and its unconventional dénouement invests it with positive charm.

Perdita. By Stanley V. Makower. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A desire to present something a little truer than the truth was the motive which led Mr. Makower to throw his materials for the life of the actress Mary Robinson, more celebrated as an early mistress of George IV, into the form of fiction. The book before us is of greater interest and value than most specimens of this ambiguous species, because the sound biographical element is unusually large. Indeed, the author adheres pretty strictly to the known facts of the heroine's career, and steps into the realm of fiction mainly for the purpose of interpreting his data. That the reader may have the means to distinguish the *Wahrheit* from the *Dichtung* Mr. Makower has supplied an index, a list of the characters impersonated by Mrs. Robinson with dates, and a fairly lengthy bibliography. The volume is further enriched by seventeen illustrations, including, besides several famous portraits of the actress, likenesses of her royal lover, the young rake of genius, Lord Lyttleton, Col. Tarleton, Sheridan, and Charles James Fox—all of whom were closely associated with Perdita's affairs.

There is something legitimately tempting to the imagination in the life-history of a woman who was trained by Garrick, sat to Reynolds, dined with Burke, infatuated a prince, wrote bad poetry, and died in wretchedness and poverty. It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Makower, with all his freedom of method, has made his interpretation of his heroine very coherent or very credible. He has been somewhat too profound and much too romantic. Under the spell of bewitching portraits, he has read into the spirit of Mrs. Robinson qualities which she never possessed, and which are quite incompatible with the facts of her life which he himself supplies. The real Mrs. Robinson appears to have been, like many other actresses, much more interesting in her public than in her private character. Shallow and commonplace in mind and heart, she possessed uncommon beauty, a considerable taste for coquetry and intrigue, and a quite extraordinary vanity. Mr. Makower's attempt to represent her as a harmony of middle-class domestic virtue with an intense vein of romanticism is disastrous. It becomes intolerable when it blends Mrs. Robinson's maternal solicitude over her infant at home in its cradle with the "loveliness of her impressions" as the larks carol over her in "jubilant sweetness" after an assignation with the Prince. Certain cold records of bonds, certain vague hints of blackmail, suggest that for Perdita there was rather more money than romance in this affair. At any rate, the veil of divine illusion was excessively thin.

Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. III. (Lincoln Series, Vol. I.): The Lincoln-Douglas Debates, 1858. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks. Springfield: Illinois Historical Library.

Premonitions of the near-at-hand centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln are already abundant, among them an activity in the press as regards this almost the greatest of American personalities. The material relating to Lincoln is comprised already within more than a thousand volumes, its bibliography equalling in compass those of the most distinguished figures of history. Witness the vast list of Daniel Fish in the most recent edition of Lincoln's works. These volumes are the latest additions to the collection. In the first named, President Sparks, now of the Pennsylvania State College but recently of Chicago University, publishes what we may hold to be the definitive edition of the great Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1858. In the history of American politics there are few things more creditable than this forensic struggle and its attending circumstances. The champions were of the ablest, and discussed side by side in good-tempered, manly fashion, with all their power, momentous issues. The population of the State hung upon their words, appreciating and enjoying keenly every thrust and parry, and the whole development of the argument, basing upon what was thus so intelligently obtained, its memorable action just after at the ballot-box, which sent Douglas at once to the Federal Senate and Lincoln two years later to the White House. In the long story of Anglo-Saxon freedom perhaps the democratic way has never more fully justified itself than in the conduct, alert, dignified, restrained, of the American masses at this time. Mr. Sparks has taken all possible pains to make accurate the text of the speeches, comparing the best, the Columbus, edition with the contemporary newspaper reports. At the same time, he supplies ample color and character of time and place by quoting letters, reminiscences, press gossip, and comment of the hour. Helps to vividness are photographs of localities and personages concerned—among these the reporters, youths of twenty-four or twenty-five, who rendered the immense service of taking down *verbatim et literatim* not only the extempore utterance of the principals, but the questions and ejaculations of the listening multitudes.

To speak of a minor matter, as one looks at the pictures of Lincoln and Douglas, here reproduced, the oddly picturesque contrast physically between the two men comes home. Lincoln, gaunt, six feet four inches tall, was relatively short-bodied, his height resulting from an abnormal length of limb. Douglas, stocky, only five feet four inches tall, was yet relatively long bodied, his low stature resulting from short legs. When the "little giant" had on a coat which fitted his large trunk, "the coat-tails were very near the ground."

Country Walks about Florence. By Edward Hutton; with 32 drawings by Adelaide Marchi and 20 other illustrations. Pp. xv+323. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Florence is the one city in Italy which seems to have lost character and to be at various seasons almost English, or American, or German, and, save in the dog days, never really Italian at all. No one except the professional art critic, or the student who desires to consult the priceless archives of Florence will, if he love Italy, stop there any longer than he must. Yet, once outside the gates, we are again in Italy; and it is possible to live in Florence and to buy one's native comestibles at the Anglo-American stores, and, at the same time, to see Italy and Italian life almost at its best, if one uses Florence simply as the centre of one's excursions. This Mr. Hutton has clearly perceived, and his "Country Walks about Florence" is the result. It is, in fact, a new departure in guide-books, a companion for one's daily strolls through the fields and byways of the Florentine *contado.* And it would be difficult to imagine a better companion. In Florence itself, a perfectly sane man may hesitate between his Ruskin and his Baedeker; for we do not all of us care to read a dozen or so of pages, however illuminating, when "To R. a Holy Family attributed to Cimabue. L. a Resurrection. Author unknown. Sacristan expects a gratuity of 1 franc" will get us out of a cold and draughty church, our duty done, into the warm sunshine again. But in the country it is different. There, we are glad of something to read, when, tired with our walk, we lie among the corn and listen to the voices of the reapers, or sip our Chianti beneath the vine-draped trellis of some wayside *trattoria;* and so long as the book chosen tells us what we want to know about the places we are visiting,

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we can have no quarrel with its author if he is gracious enough to write beautifully about beautiful things. Mr. Hutton is withal a competent cicerone. He has read widely, and his book is crammed with valuable information which it is hard to find elsewhere about every bridge and ford and village and *castello* and *rôcca*. It is a wise and learned book as well as a beautiful one, and no sojourner in Florence who is wearied with the continual round of picture galleries and churches should fail to buy it.

Indeed our only possible ground of complaint is to be found on the fact that Mr. Hutton is silent upon matters with regard to which we should have been glad to hear from him. How delicately could he have written on the ancient and never-forgotten custom of *cantare il Maggio*, and of all the superstitions of the Tuscan peasantry he knows so well! And why does he tell us nothing of *Le Signorie o Potenze festeggianti* of the Florentine *contado*? Surely, when he has brought us to Campi, we have almost a right to hear something of *La Cesarea e sempre Augusta Maestà dell' Imperatore di Campi* and of his long contest with his brother Emperor *del Prato*, decided, be it noted, in favor of the former in 1559. The few extra pages which some account of these things would have occupied would hardly have increased the weight of the book or made it fit the pocket less conveniently. It only remains to add that there is a serviceable index, and that the topographical directions leave nothing to be desired.

Fighting the Turk in the Balkans. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

Servia and the Servians. By Chedo Mijatovitch. Boston: L. C. Page and Co.

When an American citizen, in cold blood, sets out for Bulgaria, enlists in a *cheta*, or guerrilla band, and, in revenge for Turkish atrocities perpetrated on somewhat distantly related Macedonian peasants, goes to ambushing Turkish patrols in the Rhodopian foothills, he comes pretty close to brigandage. Mr. Smith's excuse is that he has made a very readable book out of his adventures, and has done so without venturing too far into heroics or calling to his aid the dazzling vocabulary of the modern war correspondent. Mr. Smith and his fellow guerrillas seem to have put in a great part of the time falling into ditches and hiding in garrets. Yet it is recorded that on one occasion they roasted half-a-dozen *bashi-bazouks* in their own guardhouse; on another occasion surprised a Turkish patrol of twenty and killed eleven of them; and on still another occasion made a fine stand in what was almost a pitched battle. Without striving unduly, the writer has caught very well the reality of guerrilla warfare,—the long marches in the dark, the scamperings and evasions across hill and stream, the excitement, the fatigue, and the chill of the mountain nights. For nearly five years after 1903 Macedonia was given over to a relentless warfare in which Turks, Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks slaughtered each other and the Macedonian peasantry besides. The new order in Turkey has brought peace to the distracted country. Should such a state continue Mr. Smith will have recorded an interesting phase of Balkan history. Should trouble come again, his book will be all the more timely. One reservation we would make is that the Bulgarians cannot quite be the utterly angelic folk our author makes them. Had his fortunes been cast with a Servian fighting band, he probably would have liked them as well. But that is a minor matter.

Mr. Mijatovitch, who used to be Servian minister at London, writes with equal charm and authority. There is only one chapter on Servia and that is historical; the rest of the volume is on the Servians, their customs, beliefs, literature, and folk-lore. Most books that are nowadays written on primitive peoples and their ways are thin dilutions of very sparse fact. The present volume is a veritable little encyclopedia of national life and psychology. There is one chapter on Servian Anecdotes or traditional folk tales, which is as entertaining as a whole bound volume of many a humorous periodical. The story of the *chodja*, or *hodja*, Nasradin and his pupils demands quotation:

> Nasradin Chodja took some trouble to teach his pupils how to behave politely. Among other things he told them to clap their hands and shout, "Hayir Allah! (May God grant that it is to your good!)" whenever they heard an older person sneeze. Once the Chodja, mending something on the open pit in his garden, slipped and fell in. . . . The dutiful school boys soon found a rope and threw it down to their master, and with united forces began to drag him out. Yet a few feet more and he would have been out of the pit, when unfortunately, thoroughly wet as he was, he sneezed. In a moment all his pupils dropped the rope to clap their hands and to shout "Hayir Allah, Chodja!" The poor Chodja fell back down to the bottom of the pit. "Ah," he said to himself, "it serves me right! I ought to have taught these boys common sense first, and then politeness!"

Interesting also is the summary, with bits of translation, of the national songs of the Servians. There are even four pages of musical notation illustrative of the popular melodies of the country.

Science.

THE FIRST RACE OF FOSSIL MAN.

PARIS, December 24.

A possibly epoch-making report has been presented to the Académie des Sciences by Marcellin Boule, professor of palæontology at the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, Paris. It is the first scientific account of remains complete enough to characterize definitely what Quatrefages and Hamy classify as the first race of fossil man—that of Canstadt, more commonly known as Neanderthaloid. The skeleton of a young man of the same race found in August by Hauser has been taken to Germany and the scientific description of it is not yet published. What is known of it agrees with this report of Professor Boule on remains recently discovered at La-Chapelle-aux-Saints in the department of La Corrèze by the Abbés J. and A. Bouyssonie and L. Bardon. The importance of the find is not due merely to the connection of this earliest human race with a definite geologic and palæolithic period. So far these remains mark the lowest round in the descending scale of man toward the long-sought missing link.

The chief anatomical pieces discovered are the skull, with lower jaw; by dint of patience nearly all the parts have been put in place. There are also several vertebrae and ribs, with parts of the pelvis and limbs. They were found several metres deep in a grot, in groundsoil which was in place and sterile, that is, unmixed with other remains. The skeleton lay on its side, with the knees bent toward the body, in a cavity dug to fit it in the groundsoil. Stones were placed beneath the head and there was every sign of intentional burial. The grave is three metres from the entrance of the grot; it is shallow, and, at the head, there was found the hind hoof of one of the great bovidae, placed as if by design. Above this groundsoil there is an alluvial layer rich in animal remains —rhinoceros, tichorhinus, reindeer, cave hyena, marmot, and wolf. There are no signs of habitation in the grot; but flint instruments discovered with the skeleton are of the best Moustérien period; and this agrees with the animal remains which belong to the temperate, almost cold, middle (not lower) pleistocene, following the last glacial extension in France. Low in the order of humanity as these remains are, they still date far from the tertiary period.

To situate this skull of La Chapelle, M. Boule compares it with similar human remains already known, with that of a surviving inferior race, and with pithecanthropus and the anthropoid apes. It is nearly superposable on the skulls of Neanderthal and on that of the pithecanthropus, having the same low,

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receding forehead and depressed arch; it is dolicocephalic, with an index of 75, with thick bone and enormous development of the penthouse projections above the eye orbits. The latter, which are so striking in the Neanderthal skull, are found almost as strong in the late skull of the Irish saint, Mansuy, preserved as a relic. The depressed occiput projects strongly; the torus is more accented than in the Australian, but less than in the pithecanthropus, which, in turn, has it less than the anthropoid apes. The occipital hole has the inward position ordinary in animals lower than man; and the nape of the neck must obviously have been furnished with powerful muscles to secure horizontal vision. The skull is also extraordinarily large for the scant height—about five feet four inches—of its owner; the cranial sutures and dentition show that it belonged to an old man, and, by the way, there are pathognomic signs of rheumatism.

Most extraordinary of all is the face. Apart from the projecting eye-roof, the nose is separated from the forehead by a deep depression and is short and very large. Between nose and cheeks, there are no canine fossæ, such as exist in all present human races; but the upper jaw forms with the straight-out prolongation of the molar bones a kind of muzzle. The lateral edges of the palatine arch, which is very long, are almost parallel as in the anthropoid apes; and all this excessive prognathism is set off by a lower jaw retreating without any chin. The lower jawbone is thick, with enormous condyles; it resembles the similar bones of this earliest human race found elsewhere, at Naulette, Spy, and particularly that of the still undescribed Hauser skeleton of a young man, which was also found in La Corrèze. Few teeth remain; the canines are strongly developed. Yet, strange to say, the temporal fossæ furnish no indication of an exceptionally strong masticating apparatus.

The other parts of the skeleton show that the man was not only short in stature, but thickset. The femur has a forward incurvation, as if its owner did not regularly hold himself upright on his legs. The tibia shows the platycnemia (flat instead of triangular section) already known in prehistoric and inferior human races and found by Quatrefages in four atavistic examples in Paris hospitals.

In sum, these discoveries in La Corrèze may be said to do away once for all with Virchow's opinion that the Neanderthaloid type is pathological. It has now to be considered normal and characteristic of a great part of Europe during the Middle Pleistocene; and the Moustèrien art epoch goes along with it. It is inferior to any living human type and is relatively much nearer to the anthropoid apes than any other yet found. Between must be placed the pithecanthropus anatomically. Above this Corrèzien, far above both anatomically and in industry and art, is Quatrefages's second fossil human race—that of Cro-Magnon, and inferior types still existing. Morphologically, its place is between the pithecanthropus of Java and the existing Australian, which, as M. Boule takes pains to explain, implies no direct generic connection; and it is not a man-monkey. S. D.

THE NEBRASKA LOESS MAN.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, December 31.

For more than two years various persons interested have been investigating carefully all the details connected with the discovery of early human remains, designated as the Nebraska Loess Man (see the *Nation* of November 1, 1906, p. 380). Within this time numerous criticisms have appeared. It is indeed remarkable how completely some students have thought to discredit the finds by a casual visit to the spot or a mere examination of the remains. A much greater area has been dug over and much additional evidence collected. This serves to confirm the view that the theory of burial is inadequate to account for all the facts. The view of the finder, R. F. Gilder, that the superficial layer of remains was deposited above an area of clay hardened by fire, has been thoroughly demonstrated, and the extent and form of the fire-baked area determined. The view that the human remains beneath this level were part of the same mound and were carried down by the work of gophers becomes increasingly improbable. Thus the discovery of a skull and some associated bones seven feet below the surface at some distance from the baked-clay area can hardly be explained as the work of a gopher. Another group of bones manifesting anatomical association, yet found at a depth of six feet and at some distance from the first, is still more incapable of explanation on the gopher theory.

Two classes of implements have also been discovered. Fine flint flake weapons, barely touched with a fine incrustation, come from the burial mound. On the other hand, a few rough, unflaked flint pieces of a different rock, heavily accreted with lime, have been found at about the same depth with the fragmentary remains regarded by the Nebraska investigators as belonging to the older type. All the evidence points to the burial of the bones in the upper strata; no evidence has yet been secured which points to burial in the case of the other remains.

That the region is remarkably rich is indicated by the discovery of another skeleton associated with mortuary articles, consisting of large sea-shells carefully placed about and beneath the cranium; arrow points of *flint not native*, and of the well-known Mound Builder type and finish; potsherds the binder of which differs from local pottery, in that the former is sand while the latter is disintegrated granite rock; the large black, and *not native* flint gouge; and lastly the disposition of bones in sepulchre with head to north. The forehead of the cranium is gone, but the skull differs materially from any other found. The archæological evidence points towards some Mound-Building Wisconsin Indian that had strayed over into the Missouri River country. This skeleton was unearthed in a low tumulus on the same ridge some distance further north, and is in no wise related to anything in the Gilder mound, intrusive or otherwise.

Dr. Charles Denison, a specialist in the treatment of tuberculosis and a leader in the crusade against that disease, died at Denver January 10. He was born at Royalton, Vt., in 1845, and after graduation from Williams College and the medical department of the University of Vermont, he began the practice of medicine. In 1873 he went to Denver, where for fourteen years he served as professor of diseases of the chest and climatology in the medical department of the University of Denver. In 1890 he was president of the American Climatological Association; in 1901, honorary vice-president of the British Congress on Tuberculosis; and he was a member of various scientific societies. The list of his writings includes "Rocky Mountain Health Resorts" (1876), "The Annual and Seasonal Climatic Maps" (1885), "Exercise and Food for Pulmonary Invalids" (1895), and numerous articles and reports on subjects connected with climate and tuberculosis.

The death of Prof. Harry Govier Seeley, geologist and mineralogist, was reported from London, January 8. He was born in that city in 1839, and educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He held various important positions: he was at one time in charge of the Woodwardian Museum, Cambridge; from 1860 to 1870 he was assistant to Prof. Adam Sedgwick; in 1876 he was appointed professor of geography at King's College; from 1880 to 1890 he served as a university extension lecturer; since 1885 he had been lecturer for the Gilchrist Educational Trust, and director of the London Geological Field class; from 1890 to 1905 he was lecturer on geology at the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill. He was also a member of many scientific societies, English and Continental; he discovered the skeletons of pareiasaurus, cynognathus, and other fossil reptiles in the Karroo, and presented them to the British Museum. Among his publications are: "Index to Fossil Remains of Aves, Ornithosauria, Reptilia" (1869), "Ornithosauria: an Elementary Study" (1870), "The Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe" (1886), "Factors in Life" (1887), "Story of the Earth in Past Ages" (1895), "Dragons of the Air" (1901), and some 170 memoirs, chiefly on geological subjects and fossil reptiles, in the Transactions of the Royal Society and other learned bodies.

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Drama.

The announcement is made that the rival promoters of a National and of a Shakespearean Memorial Theatre in London have joined hands and will now work together for a common object. In name the institution is to be National, and Shakespearean plays are to be produced at regular intervals, as well as the works of other dramatists, living and dead, while foreign companies are to be invited to perform upon occasion. The theatre is to be controlled by a board of trustees—representative of literature, drama, music, and education—and it is hoped that the educational and municipal authorities of the country will associate themselves with the enterprise.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons which proposes to do away with the present stage censorship of the Lord Chamberlain's office. An introductory memorandum says:

The object of this bill is to abolish the censorship of plays exercised in Great Britain under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, and to transfer to the London County Council as the local authority the power of licensing and controlling theatres exercised by the Lord Chamberlain in the central parts of the metropolis. As to the censorship of plays, it is proposed to make theatrical performances subject to the same control as performances in music halls. In the case of music halls no censorship exists, but any impropriety can be dealt with by the police or by a refusal of the license by the licensing authority, which in London is the London County Council. The censorship of plays does not exist in Ireland. As to the licensing of theatres, this power is now exercised by or under the control of the local authority in practically the whole of Great Britain, where theatres are found, except the central districts of London, the university cities of Oxford and Cambridge, and places where his Majesty resides. Further, even in the central district of London, the London County Council as the local authority, has already extensive powers over the structure of theatres under the Metropolis Management Act, 1878.

At the latest meeting of the committee of the Comédie Française in Paris Mlle. Berthe Cerny and Charles Siblot were elected *sociétaires*. Mlle. Cerny has been a public favorite ever since her first appearance at the Française, in "Paraître." M. Siblot has long been prominent at the Odéon.

Word comes from Florence that the *Mask*, a monthly magazine on the theatre, is to be enlarged. Beginning with the February number, the *Mask* will appear both in English and French, the French part to be under the direction of Jean Jacques Olivier. Each number will contain a bibliography on subjects connected with the art, history, and literature of the theatre; and every alternate month a book review will appear in English.

A complete edition in six volumes of the works of Christian D. Grabbe, including the correspondence, will interest the admirers of that much discussed dramatic genius. They are edited, with introduction and notes, by Otto Nieten (Leipzig: Max Hesse.)

Moderne Bühne is the name of a new collection of contemporary German dramas, edited by Emil Reiss. (Berlin: Concordia Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.) Among recent volumes are Eduard Stucken's tragic comedy, in one act, "Die Gesellschaft des Abbé Chateauneuf"; his four-act drama, "Myrrha"; a comedy by Otto Hinnerk, "Närrische Welt"; and a translation of Swinburne's "Chastelard," by Walter Unus.

Carl Frederick William Ahrendt, who will be remembered as an intelligent and trustworthy actor, who gave capable support to Edwin Booth and other stars in the legitimate drama, died at Greenville, Mississippi, January 11. He was born in Lauterborg, Germany, in 1842, and came to this country fifteen years later. He was at various times in the companies of F. W. Lander, Thomas W. Keene, Frank Mayo, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, Tommaso Salvini, E. H. Sothern, Richard Mansfield, and J. K. Hackett. During the first administration of President Cleveland he was vice-consul at Berlin.

Music.

Edward MacDowell. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

Three years ago the John Lane Company published a book on America's greatest composer by Mr. Gilman which was somewhat disappointing, not so much because of what it said as for what it left unsaid. For this, the author was only partly responsible; his book was one in a series called Living Masters of Music, in which each master was to be discussed in less than a hundred pages. MacDowell's death, a year ago, made it necessary to take this volume out of that series, and this change afforded a good opportunity to expand the volume to the dimensions called for by so interesting a subject—an opportunity of which Mr. Gilman has made excellent use. The new volume has 190 pages, and is in every way a great improvement on its predecessor; it is not only readable, but uncommonly stimulating; it will help to enhance MacDowell's fame as an artist and a man, and it will make more vivid the premature loss of the one musician America could least spare.

It is commonly assumed that the famous Venezuelan pianist, Teresa Carreño, was MacDowell's first teacher, but she was preceded by another South American, Juan Buitrago of Bogota, who gave the child his first lessons, and who is still living with his pupil's parents. Albert Spalding, the violinist who recently won so much success, is another of his pupils. Buitrago laid a good foundation on which others built, at the Paris Conservatory (where Debussy was one of the American's fellow-pupils), and in Germany, where MacDowell began his career as teacher and composer, and where he had the great advantage of knowing a bandmaster who was willing to try over his early efforts at orchestral composition. When he returned to America the musical critics for once belied their reputation of being hostile to budding genius by welcoming him as one of the elect, a leading authority going so far as to express his preference for the second MacDowell piano concerto over Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, which was played at the same concert (March 5, 1889). In 1896 the professorship of music at Columbia University was offered to him, as to "the greatest musical genius America has produced." Of the eight years at Columbia Mr. Gilman gives the first connected account, describing his courses, his ideals, and dwelling briefly on the causes that led to his resignation. The charge that he shirked his work (as a less conscientious man of genius might have done and been forgiven for it) is refuted. As a matter of fact, MacDowell worked too hard, giving to the university and its students an amount of vitality and time that might have been much better expended in composing new music. It was during these eight years that he wrote his masterworks. Had he followed his first inclination of refusing the professorship, we might now have twice that amount of best work, and he would not have been compelled to do most of his creating in summer, when he ought to have rested. It was thus that, through sheer overwork as composer, professor, and private teacher, he wore out his brain prematurely.

The lectures prepared for Columbia are to be printed some day. Mr. Gilman has enjoyed the privilege of making some extracts from them, and from notes taken by pupils; and they certainly make the mouth water for more. Had MacDowell been a musical critic, he would have been as felicitous in style, as keen, as witty, as Hanslick, and much more just. Nothing could be better than his remarks, here cited, on the great composers, and on form, on nationalism in music, and other topics. Though as well-read as a German professor, he never paraded his erudition. "Bach," he said in one of his lectures, "differed in almost everything from Handel, except that he was born the same year and was killed by the same doctor." In a serious vein: "Bach was one of the world's mightiest tone-poets, but not by means of the contrapuntal methods of his day, but in spite of them." Every musical history tells us that Mozart's piano sonatas are sublime, but MacDowell looks the thing straight in the face:

> Mozart's sonatas are compositions entirely unworthy of the author of "The Magic Flute" and "Don Giovanni," or of any composer with pretensions to more than mediocre talent. They are written in a style of flashy harpsichord virtuosity such as Liszt in his most despised moments never descended to.

Mr. Gilman notes that "MacDowell wrote surprisingly few letters," but he does not give the reason therefor. It was that his wife relieved him of the burden of correspondence almost en-

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tirely, writing sometimes as many as a hundred letters a week for him. This was doubtless a blessing to him, but it had the unfortunate result just stated. What the world thus lost may be inferred from the following lines from one of his letters to an admirer who had told him that some of the verse he had written for his songs recalled at times the phrasing of Whitman and Shakespeare:

I will confide in you that if, in the next world, I should happen upon the wraiths of Shakespeare, Whitman, and Co., I would light out without delay. Good heavens! I blush at the thought of it! A header through a cloud would be the only thing. Seriously, I was deeply touched by your praise, and wish I were more worthy of it.

That "header through a cloud" is like many flights of fancy in his compositions. Of these Mr. Gilman gives a sympathetic, yet discriminating, account, in a style often characterized by great felicity. One thing, alas! is missing: an index.

"The Opera-Goers' Complete Guide," by Leo Melitz (Dodd, Mead & Co.) has a reason for existence, because it is constructed on a plan differing from those of the many other operatic guide books in the market. Instead of telling the story first and following it up with a reference to the principal airs, the author of this volume, who is director of the Stadt-Theater in Basle, always begins by giving the "Who's Who" of each opera, and then tells the story step by step, as it is enacted on the stage, mentioning the airs as they occur. This plan has its undoubted advantages, as it makes it easier for the reader to tell what is doing on the stage every moment, and it is well carried out. The stories are made intelligible wherever such a thing is possible. The number of operas described is 209, but of these at least 95 might as well have been omitted, as they will never be performed in this country or England. It is, however, better to have too many than too few; and the translator, Richard Salinger, has done his part of the work well.

Arturo Toscanini is a musical missionary as well as a great operatic conductor. He became convinced, some years ago, that justice had not been done to his countryman, Alfredo Catalani, who died at Milan in 1893 after composing half a dozen unsuccessful operas; so he brought out his last opera, "La Wally," at Buenos Ayres, infusing so much enthusiasm into his reading of the score that the opera proved a brilliant success, as also later in Milan and other Italian cities. Its production at our Metropolitan Opera House last week indicated that it is an opera of much greater worth than was the first novelty of the Gatti-Casazza-Toscanini régime, Puccini's juvenile "Le Villi." There is no great abundance of new melody, yet there are some stirring solos, ensembles, and orchestral numbers, which indicate that had Catalani enjoyed the stimulus of public encouragement he might have written a masterwork—provided he could have secured a better libretto than that on which "La Wally" (a dramatization of Wilhelmine von Hillern's Tyrolean story "Geyer-Wally") is based.

The present opera season in Milan began with Spontini's "La Vestale," which had not been heard there since 1825. The repertory of the Scala also contains Richard Strauss's "Elektra," which will be given, for the first time in Italy, on March 1; "Theodora," by Xavier Leroux; and the Russian national opera, "Boris Goudonoff," by Moussorgsky, which was performed in Paris a few months ago. Madame Marentié, the French prima donna, will undertake the title rôle in "Théodora," while that of the Russian work is assigned to M. Chaliapine. Among other works announced for performance are Verdi's "Vespri Siciliani," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Mascagni's "Iris," and a revial of Manzotti's ballet.

In addition to the bequests of a Stradivarius, dated 1724, to the Paris Conservatoire, with $4,000 for the foundation of an annual prize for the violin and $2,000 to the Aged Musicians' Society of Paris, the late Sarasate left $20,000 to the Conservatory of Music of Madrid, to be applied in awarding a prize annually to the pupil who completes his violin courses with exceptional merit, or, in default of one such pupil, to several; to the School of Music at Pamplona, Spain, his musical library and a sum of $5,000 for a yearly prize for "the most interesting pupil from an artistic point of view"; and $5,000 to the House of Mercy at Pamplona (Casa de Misericorde). By his will he had left his Stradivarius violin, dated 1713, to the trustees of the South Kensington Museum, London, with the mention "that this gift is made by me as a remembrance of the welcome and successes which I obtained in England," but by a codicil dated June 12, 1894, he revoked this bequest, and left the violin to the Conservatory of Music of Madrid. He bequeathed to the Town Council of Pamplona his piano from Biarritz, his violin by Guillaume, and his Gand violin which was given to him as a first prize at the Conservatoire of Paris, all his watches, pins, rings, jewels, decorations—he was a knight of numerous foreign orders—wreaths, palms, diplomas, letters patent, bronzes, pictures, busts, and souvenirs, his effects at his Paris house, except his musical library, his violin bows, all of which are to be exhibited in glass cases in a special room bearing his name.

Art.

MODERN GERMAN PAINTING AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The intellectual sympathy between this country and Germany, which has been strengthened by the exchange of university professors, has led to a corresponding interchange of current art. Thus it is that an exhibition of German painting is now being held at the Metropolitan Museum.

The art of painting, largely through the influence of the French, has undergone such a revolution during the past thirty years, a revolution which has deeply affected the practice of the sensitive painter of other nations, that it is with peculiar curiosity that we examine the effect upon Germany, that land of sentiment and emotion, of this changed point of view. The methods of modern painting and the results of modern "seeing" have spread far and wide; the Scottish, the English, the Norwegian, the American schools have been receptive of the ideas which urged the French to break with tradition. But if one is expecting to see in these German paintings this legitimate and logical advance, one is likely to be disappointed. This exhibition, however, is not, for this reason, to be taken lightly; and one should divest one's self of prejudice in favor of any one form of present practice, and be prepared, rather, to regard the collection as an expression of the Teutonic race of today.

These paintings purport to represent the "new movement," and in some instances, which we shall be glad to note later, the artists are showing a disposition to deliver themselves legitimately through the medium of paint; but for the most part they still seem to be enmeshed in the net of literary and philosophical habits which have characterized the German mind, and, to express these sentiments, are making use of a mistaken medium. To read some passages in the laudatory introduction to the catalogue, which was prepared, translated, and printed in Germany, one might believe that these painters were the earliest "plein-airists," with that versatile and prodigiously skilful painter, Adolf von Menzel, for progenitor. If so, German art has been slow to evolve on that side, for Von Menzel was an accomplished painter sixty years ago; he died at ninety in 1905. In truth, Von Menzel and most of his German disciples were realists in the sense of conveying the sentiment of intimate, everyday themes, of the amusements, industries, and general activities of life, through an illustrative art possessing character and color. This art was more or less didactic, appealing to the emotions, but not to our latest sense, revealing in radiant color the vibrating opalescent charm of the natural world of sight. Nothing could be farther removed from this modern spirit of "seeing" than the contributions of Franz von Stück, one of the younger men. The trouble with this painter appears to be that he has mistaken his medium, which should be verbal. In his Infernal Regions one cannot see power in thinly painted, enamel-like, unluminous flesh of careless construction, violent contrasts, and no great distinction of composition or of line. A mood of thought which it is the work of literature legitimately to express, is attempted here through pigment. It may be, also, that in the portrait of himself he intended to suggest some sentimental elation of mind; but to the connoisseur who re-

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gards the human face and figure as a beautiful subject on which an artist reveals his mastery of significant planes and sensitive modelling, in conjunction with fine qualities of color and of tone, this spectral vision of muddy color and indifferent form is a disappointing example of the painter's art, however satisfying such a statement might have been in literature. Another man, Arnold Böcklin, earlier in time, is of this same misapprehension concerning the appeal that the beautiful in the world of nature makes through the painter's means of expression. His subjects are not only literary in theme, but colorless through his use of pigment. On this aspect of German painting it may be said in summary that Von Menzel touched almost every subject with great technical skill; but he was the pictorial illustrator of his time, rather than a temperament of sensitive artistic impulse. He turned with apparently equal relish from one subject to another: he would paint you a blazing ballroom filled with notabilities whose personalities you could identify, or he would place before you a palace garden with swaying trees and scudding clouds, with consummate reality and address. This is illustrative art of a high order; but if one looks for more, the loving differentiation of retreating planes in the crowded room, or in the diminishing landscape, with intervening air or interposing atmosphere, one must examine the work of some of the newer men.

One of the first to depart radically from the older ways was Fritz von Uhde, whose Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me is one of those departures where Biblical story is given a modern setting. In this case not only is the setting modern, but the whole sentiment of light and air is of the new sense of seeing. We have advanced since Von Uhde did this, but the picture is a valuable contribution to the subtle charm of the outside world which it has been the privilege of modern painting to discover. A still later disciple of this new sight is Richard Kaiser, who, in Field Loneliness has attempted, in landscape and sky, a breadth of treatment and a feeling of light distinctly modern and, except for a lack of simplicity in the construction of his foreground of weeds and grasses, a successful effort. Rudolf Schramm-Zittau, younger still in point of years, has given us some fresh, competent work in the progressive spirit, in his two little pictures of Ducks, and in the large one Feeding Hens. These are quite in the new mood, technically, and with years, doubtless, this painter will find more subtlety in the effects he is now so well equipped to express. One must also applaud the admirable little Polo-Players by Max Liebermann, who is indeed of the modern school. Movement, light, air, and a breadth of vision which is the very essence of modernity characterize this treasure of fine "seeing" and accomplished painting. An older painter, one more mature in method, and possessed of a fine and distinguished vision is Eugen Bracht, who in Sea Calm and Mid-day Pause in Steel Works has sent two works of rare quality.

In portraiture it is proper to mention first two men whose accomplished work for many years added lustre to German art. The fine characterization and dignified restraint of Franz Von Lenbach are always interesting, particularly in his portraits of men. That of Moltke does not appear up to his usual standard, but the Bismarck, despite a certain uncertainty in execution, is a rich and handsome piece of color. Wilhelm Leibl's Portrait of a Man is also fine in color, although, to our sense, almost too loosely constructed, the hands particularly of a character too suggestive of feebleness of grip. One of the younger men who is working in a wholesome, truly modern, and competent way is Arthur Kampf, who sends a Portrait of Emperor William II, which, although workmanlike in painting, lacks a certain spaciousness of composition that might have been more fitting to the subject; but The Two Sisters, by the same artist, is worthy of all praise in tonal quality and disposition of spaces.

There is more in this collection that it would be interesting to note, works of real merit and completeness, and much also that is tentative, experimental, and that does not contribute to the strength of the show. We are left, however, with the impression that the school is emerging, with effort, from the shadow of tradition, that it is evidently freeing itself, and seeking a truer form of artistic expression. This exhibition should, moreover, tend to give the public more sympathy with the earnest painters of our own country, who, though in an experimental stage like the Germans, are still well in the van of this progressive movement; who have indeed, in many instances, a greater maturity of accomplishment than we note in this collection.

FRANK FOWLER.

F. Mason Perkins, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for December, throws much light upon the early development of the painter Matteo da Siena. We cannot follow the changes of attribution in detail. Lorenzo Fiocca concludes an interesting study of mediæval buildings in Sicily. Diego Sant' Ambrogio reports from Bonacardo, Province of Oristano, Sardinia, a beautiful Madonna and child in colored terra-cotta, the type of which, to judge by the illustration, is strongly Donatellesque. Minor discoveries chronicled in this number are several paintings by Matto da Gualdo in mountain sanctuaries near Nocera, Umbria. Of more importance is the uncovering in the Templars' Church, Perugia, of frescoes representing knights of the order and dating from the thirteenth century. This church is now used as a warehouse. It is hoped that the government will reclaim it as a public monument.

In the series Künstlermonographien (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klassing), Vol. XCI, just issued, is "Lukas Kranach," by E. Heyck, with 103 illustrations. The work is more than a brochure, for it contains a comparatively complete biography.

Vol. XIII of the Klassiker der Kunst, edited by Emil Schaeffer (Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt) brings the story of Van Dyck, with the explanatory subtitle "Des Meisters Gemälde in 537 Abbildungen." The illustrations are good, and the account of the painter's life critically written. Indeed, Schaeffer, at times, ridicules Van Dyck's attention to externals and failure to catch the soul of the subject.

An interesting discovery of early Christian remains has recently been made at Wad-el-Hadad, on the Blue Nile, a few miles north of Sennar. A number of graves were uncovered containing skeletons and a quantity of pottery in an excellent state of preservation. The latter consists chiefly of bowls and jars. The bowls are, for the most part, of dark clay, decorated with what are known as Nubian patterns. On one of them is a Coptic processional cross, which also occurs scratched inside the lips of the jars, where it is associated with two other Christian emblems—the fish and the palm branch. A comparison of this pottery with that found on Nubian sites between the first and second cataracts, makes it probable that it should be dated in the seventh or eighth century, A. D. The pottery has been sent to the Khartum Museum. The chief interest of the discovery lies in the fact that this is the first time that Christian remains have come to light so far south. At present very little is known of the history of Christianity in these regions, and it is to be hoped that excavations will lead to the discovery of other early Christian remains in that neighborhood, which may throw light upon this question.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are portraits by Wilhelm Funk and drawings by James Montgomery Flagg, at Knoedler's, till January 16; forty selected paintings by living American artists, Macbeth's, January 21; water colors, F. Hopkinson Smith, Noé's, January 23; etchings and dry-points, Whistler, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, February 3.

Gustave Émile Doudemont, a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and for many years an exhibitor at the Salon, has died, at the age of seventy-four.

Finance.

A "JANUARY BREAK."

There had been numerous and conflicting theories as to what sort of stock market would usher in 1909; but nobody predicted exactly what happened—namely, that a single stock, not one of the "leaders," would fall 42 points in two days, and that this spectacular decline would undermine all the rest of the market, leading to such losses, be-

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tween January 4 and January 11, as 8¼ points in Union Pacific, 4⅝ in St. Paul, 7⅛ in Reading, 5⅜ in Erie, and 9¾ in New York Central. Yet when the episode was concluded, and people had a chance to consider it as a whole, many observant Wall Street men admitted that the course of events had been perfectly logical, in the light of conditions with which the year 1908 had ended.

It is true that the immediate cause of the *débâcle* was an incident which could not have been predicted with assurance. The decision of the Supreme Court against the Consolidated Gas Company, in the company's suit to prevent the compulsory lowering of the price of its product in New York city from $1 to 80 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, was clearly what started the ball rolling. Possibly, therefore, it will be contended that the fall of stocks was, as a whole, something out of the ordinary run of financial events, since Supreme Court decisions cannot be "discounted," like harvests, earnings, and dividends. But as a matter of fact, "discounting" the Supreme Court's verdict was exactly what the stock market had been doing. It is six months since Consolidated Gas stock sold at as low a price as it touched last week Wednesday, and the 44-point rise between then and November 28, and especially the 28-point advance between the last week of October and the last week of November, were openly grounded on confident assertions that the court would find for the company, that there had been a "leak," that 8 per cent. dividends on the basis of "dollar gas" would be resumed, and that the $9,000,000, held in trust, to allow for the disputed 20 cents per 1,000 feet on each consumer's bills since April, 1906, would be disbursed in extra dividends. In other words, the Stock Exchange had been hoisting values extravagantly in this stock, because the buyers accepted as certainty something which was altogether doubtful. Experiments of that sort invite just such retribution as has come; but the larger moral of the affair is, that Stock Exchange speculators had been doing exactly the same thing, on exactly the same sort of "rumor," to a score of other stocks, and to the stock market as a whole. This is one logical aspect of the general break in prices, which was by no means wholly a result of forced selling of other stocks, caused by "impairment of margins" in Consolidated Gas.

The episode was, however, logical in another way. Much was said last month, as is always the case in December, of the "January disbursements" and the "reinvestment demand," which were to drive up prices. But because a great sum of money will be available for reinvestment January 2, it does not follow that people will wait until after New Year's Day to buy the stocks. The arrival of the "coupon money" is one of the surest events in finance. One could not, therefore, fairly expect a market which "discounts" and "overdiscounts" Supreme Court decisions not yet rendered, to neglect the "discounting" of such a coming event as the January dividends. The market discounts in two ways. Professional speculators buy and bid up stocks which they expect to sell to the January coupon-holder; the banks lend them money for the purpose. But the banks also make similar advances to the coupon-holder, who, in many cases, buys on borrowed money, in December, the securities which he intends to take up with his own new funds in January. This double process will, of course, be much encouraged and facilitated by such very low rates for Wall Street loans as prevailed throughout last month. The outcome of this buying in advance, when carried to extremes, is easy to predict. The speculators will have brought the supply of stocks, for sale on the January market, up to the full proportions of the new demand; and meantime the January reinvestment demand itself is reduced in volume because the investors had themselves anticipated requirements by their December purchases on margin. This done, it would be no illogical result for January—the "reinvestment month" itself—to be marked, not by a rising, but by a falling stock market.

Experience, as a rule, bears out the theory. January, 1908, did not; it saw a rapidly rising market; but then, for reasons familiar to everybody, neither speculator nor investor had been able to indulge in the "discounting process" in the preceding December. January, 1907, witnessed a break of 10 to 20 points in stocks. January, 1906, began with a vigorous rise, followed, however, by a sensational collapse. January, 1905, was a month of great irregularity and weakness. January, 1904, began with three weeks of intermittent declines. It is needless to multiply precedents. The question of real interest is, whether or not this recent break in prices was all that was required to bring January, 1909, in line with rule and practice.

Henry Chapman Watson, editor of *Dun's Review*, and a well-known writer in commercial and financial topics, died at Englewood, N. J., January 6, at the age of thirty-eight. He was born in Port Chester, N. Y., and early in life entered journalism. He was the compiler of Dun's Index Number and Dun's Commercial Failures; he prepared statistical reports for the government and wrote for various periodicals.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adeney, Walter F. The Greek and Eastern Churches. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Barber, Edwin Atlee. The Maiolica of Mexico. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art.
Barnes, Everett. Short American History, by Grades. Parts I and II. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.
Baumgarten, Paul Maria. Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings. Joseph F. Wagner. 90 cents.
Boorman, T. Hugh. Asphalts: Their Sources and Utilizations. William T. Comstock. $3.
Boyer, Charles C. Modern Methods for Teachers. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co.
Bradley, A. G. The Making of Canada. Dutton. $3 net.
Clairmont, Col. Ralph de. Reform. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co.
Converse, Harriet Maxwell. Myths and Legends of the New York State Iroquois. Albany: University of the State of New York.
Courthope, W. J. A Consideration of Macaulay's Comparison of Dante and Milton. Henry Frowde.
Cram, Ralph Adams. Excalibur: An Arthurian Drama. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Crowther, Cornelia S. Pensées et Réflexions de La Bruyère. W. R. Jenkins Co. $1.
Dubois, Professor, and de Geer, Professor. Lectures et Conversations. W. R. Jenkins Co. 75 cents.
Firth, C. H. Milton as an Historian. Henry Frowde.
Folk, Mrs. H. B. Heart Thoughts: Papers and Addresses. American Baptist Publication Society.
France, Anatole. Balthasar. A Translation by Mrs. John Lane. John Lane. $2.
Graham, David Wilkie. The Way to Win. Broadway Publishing Company. $1.
Guatemala, Defense of the Government of, before the Central American Court of Justice at Cartago. In the Case of Honduras. Washington: Byron S. Adams.
Harbin, Robert Maxwell. Health and Happiness, or An Analogical Study of Disease and Sin. Griffith & Rowland Press. 90 cents.
Hawkins, Chauncey J. The Quest for Health and Happiness. Pilgrim Press.
Hopkins, Alphonso A. Profit and Loss in Man. Funk & Wagnalls.
Kleiser, Grenville. How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking. Funk & Wagnalls.
Lincoln, Abraham. Tributes from His Associates. With Introduction by William Hayes Ward. Crowell. 60 cents.
Lyon, Harris Merton. Sardonics: Sixteen Sketches. Metropolitan Syndicate.
Mackay, Donald Sage. The Religion of the Threshold, and Other Sermons. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50 net.
McCarthy, John. An Amazing Scotland Yard Scandal. London: By the author. 1d.
Madách, Imre. The Tragedy of Man: Dramatic Poem. Translated by William N. Loew. Arcadia Press.
Maler, Teobert. Explorations in the Department of Peten Guatemala and Adjacent Region. Cambridge: Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology.
Martin, William F. Sir Harry Vane. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co.
Merrick, George Byron. Old Times on the Upper Mississippi: The Recollections of a Steamboat Pilot from 1854 to 1863. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. $3.50 net.

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Murphy, Ethel Allen. The Angel of Thought, and Other Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
National Education Association. Journal of Proceedings, 1908. Winona, Minn.: National Education Association.
Newton, Joseph Fort. David Swing, Poet-Preacher. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co.
Nolen, John. San Diego: A Comprehensive Plan for Its Improvements. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Missioner. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Perry, S. Payson. The Tariff and the Farmer. Worcester: F. S. Blanchard & Co.
Potter, Henry Codman. Memorial Addresses delivered before the Century Association, December 12, 1908.
Ramsay, W. M. Luke, The Physician, and Other Studies in the History of Religion. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $3. net.
Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1907. Vol. 2. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Reports of the Forest, Fish, and Game Commissioner of the State of New York for 1904-1905-1906. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
Rice, Harry E. Eve and the Evangelist. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co.
Savage, Charles Albert. The Athenian Family: A Sociological and Legal Study. Baltimore: Lord Baltimore Press.
Select English Classics, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Ed. Daniel Defoe, Goldsmith, Marvell, Robin Hood, Boswell's Johnson, Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets, Matthew Arnold, John Keats, R. Browning, Napier, Coleridge, Marlowe, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, William Cowper, George Crabbe, John Milton, Shelley, Everyman, Early Lyrics, Tennyson, Walpole's Letters, Blake, Thomas Hood, Wordsworth, John Bunyan, Izaak Walton. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3d. each.
Shurter, Edwin Dubois. Oratory of the South. From the Civil War to the Present Time. Neale Publishing Co.
Squire, George O. The Present Status of Military Aeronautics. Reprint from The Journal, The American Society of Mechanical Engineers.
Stone, Matilda Woods. Every Man His Chance. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Topfield, Mass., Historical Society Collections.
Under Petraia: With Some Saunterings. John Lane. $1.50 net.
Wells, H. G. Tono-Bungay: A Novel. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage for 1909. London.
Who's Who in New York City and State. Edited by John W. Leonard. L. R. Hamersly & Co.
Wilde, Oscar. A Florentine Tragedy. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

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